

AMERICAN  
COMICS GROUP

**AMERICAN COMICS GROUP...TOPS IN THRILLS!**

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COMICS GROUP

Nº 19  
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FEB.

# THE HOODED HORSEMAN

**10¢**



BACK,  
YUH VARMIT  
---BACK!

*all aboard*  
FOR THRILLS...

*on the HORSEMAN'S  
STRANGEST  
ADVENTURE!*

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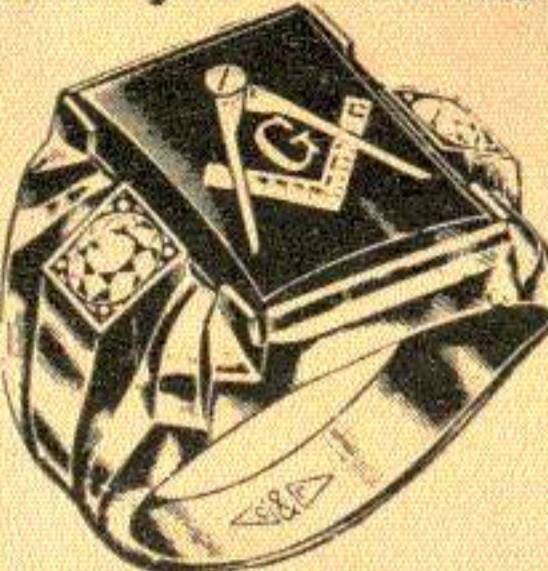
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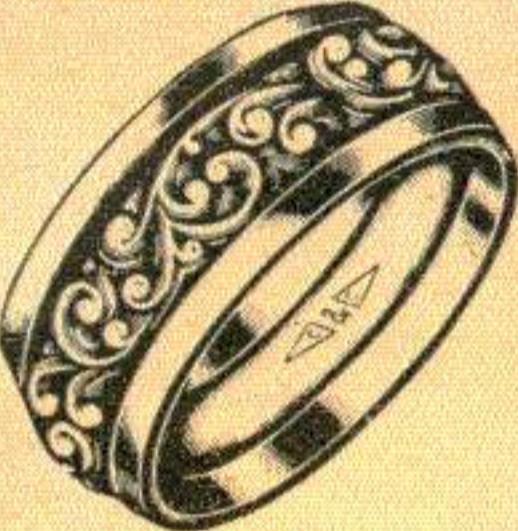
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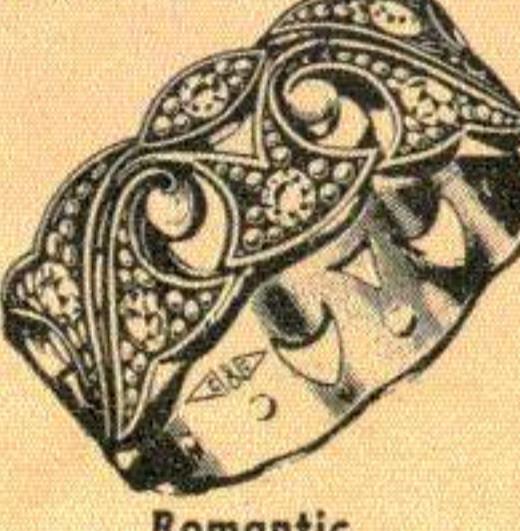
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Men's Initial Ring

Your initial in 3-D relief on Pseudo Ruby, flanked by 2 imitation diamonds. A real stunner! No. 401. Only 1.98



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Lifetime Bliss

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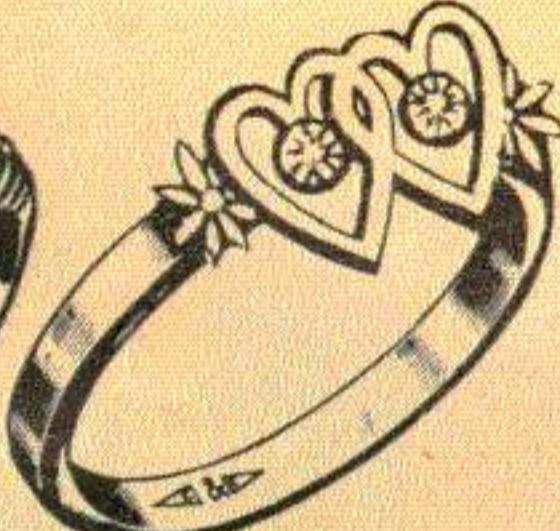
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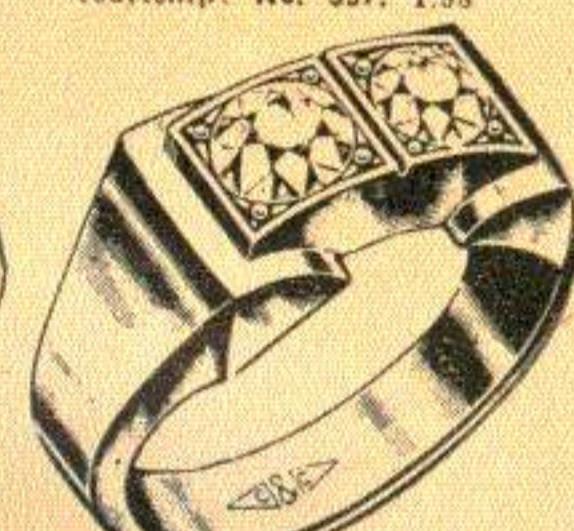
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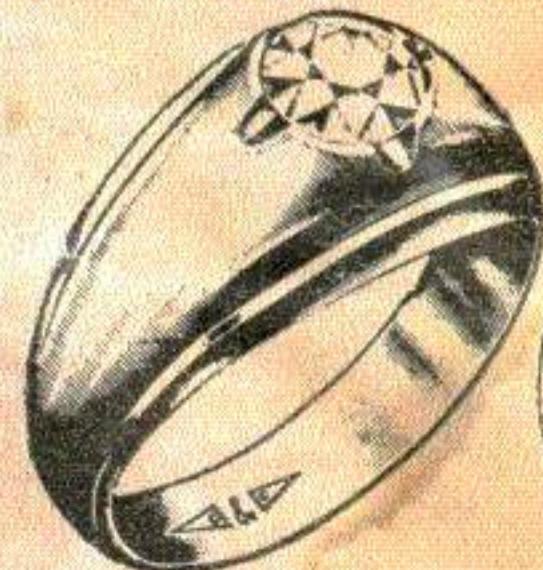
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INJUNS ON THE PROD! AS THE DREAD CRY SWEPT ALONG THE FRONTIER, WOMEN AND CHILDREN FLED FOR SAFETY---AND MEN TOOK UP THE GRIM VIGIL, WONDERING WHEN THE COMANCHES WOULD STRIKE! AND THEY BREATHED A SILENT PRAYER FOR THAT MYSTERIOUS RIDER, THAT MASKED DAREDEVIL OF WHOM THEY KNEW LITTLE---SAVE THAT HE FOUGHT WITH BLAZING COURAGE ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER---AND HIS NAME WAS

# The HOODED HORSEMAN!

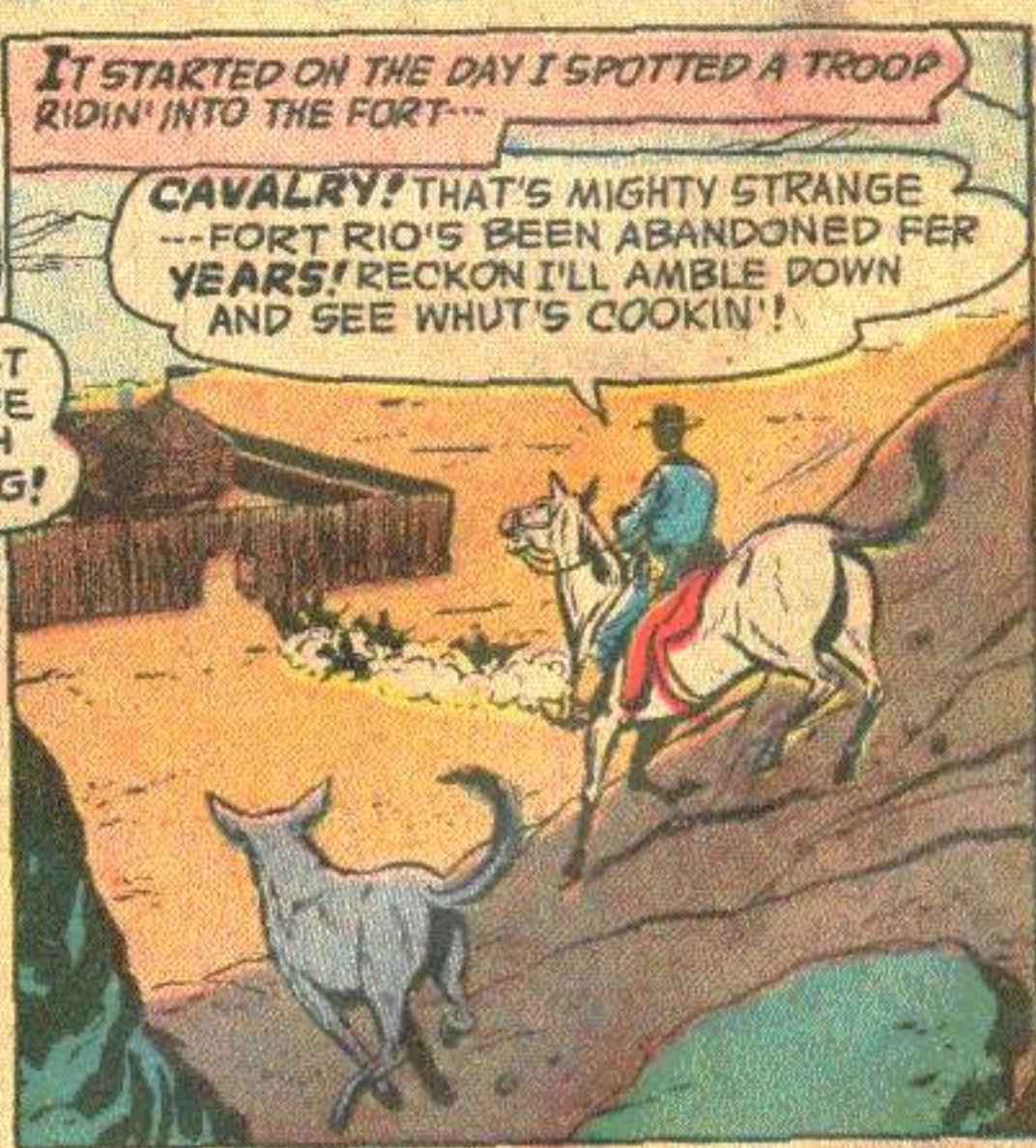
IT'S THE HORSEMAN!  
GET HIM!



HOWDY, AMIGO! YEP, I'M  
THE HOODED HORSEMAN---  
AN' ME AN' MUH DOG FLASH  
HAVE BEEN TROUBLE-SHOOTIN'  
FER THE LAW A LONG TIME!  
MATTER O' FACT, IT WAS RIGHT  
ABOUT HERE AT FORT RIO THAT  
WE STIRRED UP OUR BIGGEST  
HORNET'S NEST! ONLY THESE  
WAS LEAD HORNETS---WITH  
TROUBLE IN EVERY STING!

IT STARTED ON THE DAY I SPOTTED A TROOP  
RIDIN' INTO THE FORT...

CAVALRY! THAT'S MIGHTY STRANGE  
---FORT RIO'S BEEN ABANDONED FOR  
YEARS! RECKON I'LL AMBLE DOWN  
AND SEE WHUT'S COOKIN'!

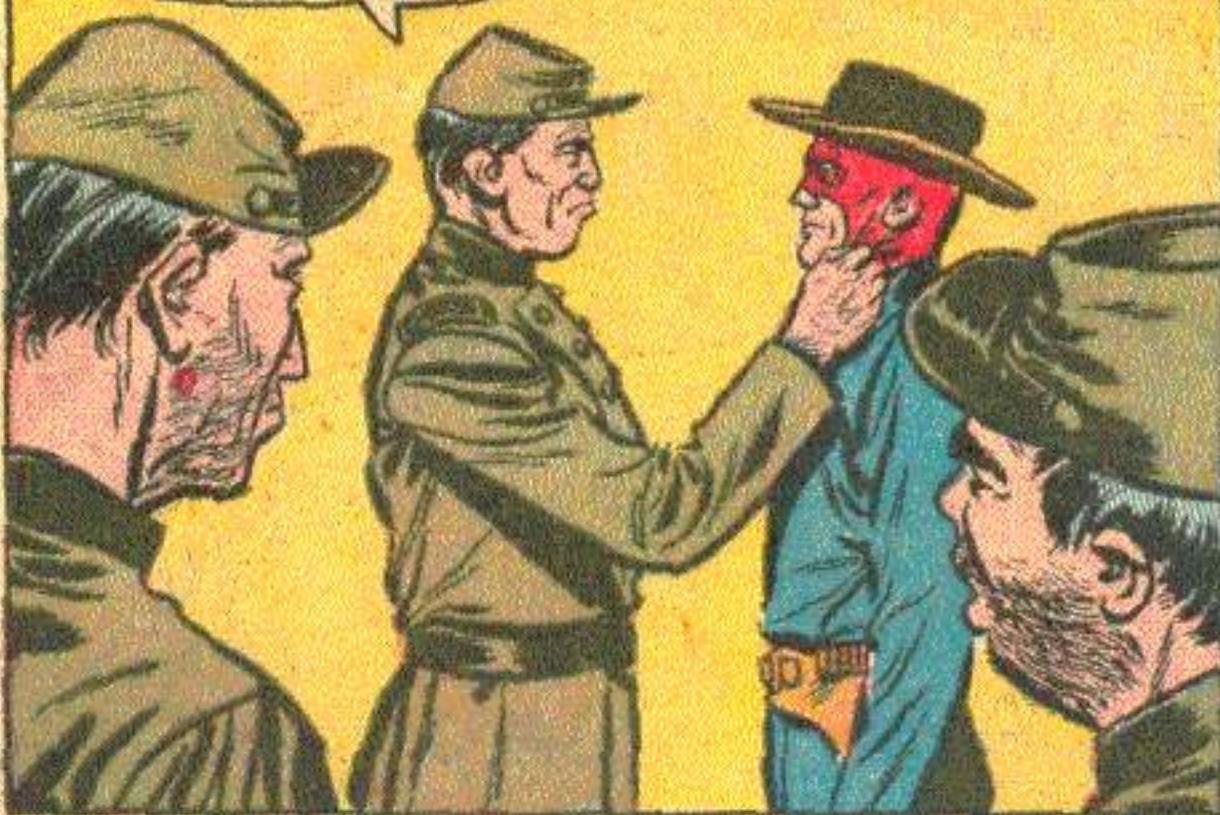


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RIGHT FROM THE START, I RAN INTA TROUBLE--A CATANKEEROUS LIEUTENANT, WITH TEMPER IN HIS EYE!

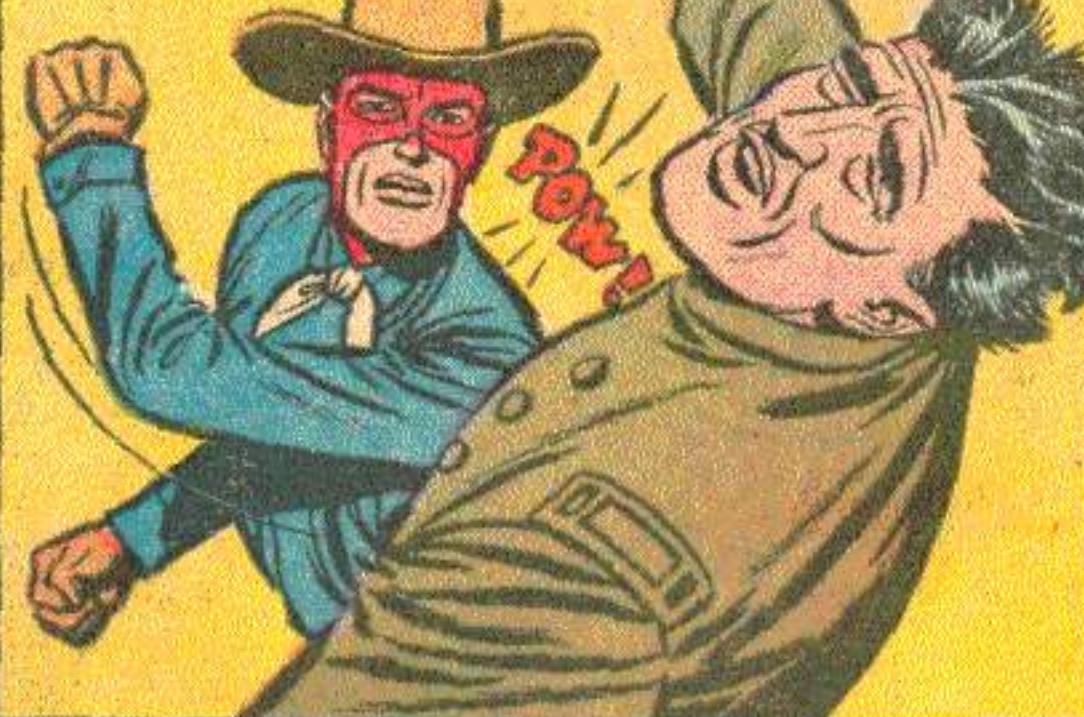
ASKIN' QUESTIONS OF THE ARMY, EH? SAY, MAYBE YOU'RE A SPY! TAKE OFF THAT MASK AND LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YUH!



MUH MASK AND MUH IDENTITY ARE MUH OWN BUSINESS--AN' WHEN I REFUSED, HE TRIED USIN' FORCE! IT TOOK A MIGHTY STIFF WALLOP TUH CONVINCE THAT SHAVETAIL...

RECKON YUH NEED A LESSON IN MAN-NERS, FRIEND?

UGH!



STRIKE AN OFFICER, WILL YOU? ALL RIGHT, BOYS... SABRES!

AT EASE, MEN! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?



THAT INTERRUPTION CAME JUST IN TIME! IN ANOTHER MINUTE, I'DA BEEN PUNCTURED LIKE A PIN CUSHION!

I SAW EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED, AND I'M SORRY FOR IT! I'M CAPTAIN TRACY--LIEUTENANT KRAGG IS NEW IN THESE PARTS, OR HE'D HAVE HEARD OF THE HOODED HORSEMAN!

SORRY ABOUT THE FRACAS, CAP'N! I JUST RODE IN TUH SEE WHUT BRINGS THE CAVALRY TO FORT RIO!



GUESS I CAN LET YOU IN ON IT, HORSEMAN! THERE'S TALK OF THE COMANCHES GOIN' ON THE PROD! FORT RIO'S BEING REACTIVATED!

FUNNY--I

AIN'T HEARD OF ANY INJUN TROUBLE LATELY!--WELL, I'M HEADIN' FOR RIMROCK CREEK! I'LL SEND WORK IF I SEE ANY TROUBLE BREWIN'!



RIMROCK CREEK, EH? THAT'S JUST WHERE THE INJUNS ARE REPORTED RAISIN' HELL! I WAS ABOUT TO LEAD A PATROL THAT-A-WAY... CARE TO RIDE WITH ME, HORSEMAN?

GLAD TO OBLIGE, CAP'N!



THAT KRAGG HOMBRE LOOKED KINDA WORRIED AS I MOUNTED! AND I'DA BEEN EVEN MORE WORRIED IF I'DA HEARD HIS PALAYER WITH THE CAP'N!

I TELL YUH, TRACY; RELAX, I DON'T LIKE HAVING THIS HORSE MAKE THE MAN CHARACTER ARRANGEMENTS AROUND! HE'S BAD MEDICINE!

KRAGG! JUST I ORDERED! I DON'T WANT ANY SLIP-UPS!



I'D FIGGERED THIS INJUN TROUBLE WAS JUST TALK, BUT ABOUT TEN MILES OUT...

A RANCH BURNED TUH THE GROUND!

NO ONE AROUND! RECKON THOSE COMANCHE DEVILS FINISHED 'EM OFF!



AND WHEN WE HIT THE TELEGRAPH LINE TWO MILES FURTHER ON---

THOSE RED DEVILS CUT THE POLES INTO MATCH WOOD AND TOOK THE WIRE FOR ORNAMENTS!

IT'LL TAKE A MONTH TUH REPAIR THE DAMAGE! TILL THEN, THEY GOT THE WHOLE TERRITORY CUT OFF!

YEP, IT SHORE LOOKED LIKE THEM REDSKINS WERE CUTTIN' LOOSE-- UNTIL WE FOUND THAT BODY ON THE TRAIL! RIGHT THERE WAS THE FIRST TIME I SENSED SOMETHIN' FISHY--

A DISPATCH RIDER! I WAS EXPECTIN' A MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS ... GUESS THE COMANCHES FINISHED HIM!

JEST A MINUTE, CAP'N! I'D LIKE TUH TAKE A LOOK AT HIM!

HMM... AN INJUN CLOSE ENOUGH TUH SHOOT AN ARROW THAT DEEP WOULD'A USED A TOMAHAWK INSTEAD! BESIDES, THAT ARROW DIDN'T CAUSE BLEEDIN' ... RECKON THIS HOMBRE WAS DEAD WHEN IT STRUCK HIM!



WAS SOMEONE TRYIN' TUH PULL A FAST ONE? I DECIDED TUH SIT TIGHT AN' PLAY DUMB!

I RECKON THIS PROVES THE COMANCHES ARE ON THE RAMPAGE! I'M VOLUNTEERIN' MUH SERVICES TUH THE ARMY!

MIGHTY OBLIGED, HORSEMAN--WE SURE CAN USE YOU! AS SOON AS WE GET BACK TO THE FORT, I'M SWEARIN' YOU IN AS A SCOUT!

I WAS KEEPIN' MUH EYES PEELED! IT WAS EASY TUH SEE KRAGG WAS IN A SWEAT... 'CUZ ALL THE WAY BACK TUH THE FORT, TRACY WAS TRYIN' TO CALM HIM DOWN!

THE HORSEMAN SWALLOWED THE BAIT! HE THINKS HE'S WORKIN' FOR THE ARMY--AND HE'LL NEVER SUSPECT A THING! EVERYONE IN THESE PARTS TRUSTS HIM ... HE'LL BE A PERFECT FRONT FOR OUR SCHEME!

MEBBE SO! BUT SOMETHIN' TELLS ME THAT HOMBRE AIN'T AS DUMB AS YOU THINK!



ME, I FIGGERED ON PLAYIN' A WAITIN' GAME ... BUT WHUT HAPPENED LATER AT THE FORT WAS TOO MUCH TO SWALLOW!

HORSEMAN, AS YOUR FIRST JOB YOU'LL JOIN LIEUTENANT KRAGG AND HIS MEN ON A SPECIAL MISSION! HE'S GOIN' TO ROUND UP ALL THE GOLD, GREENBACKS AND VALUABLES IN THIS AREA!

MUH?

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'LL HIT EVERY RANCH, BANK, AND GOLD MINE IN THE TERRITORY--AND LOAD ALL THE STUFF IN THAT WAGON! WE CAN'T LET ANYTHING OF VALUE FALL INTO INJUN HANDS!

HOLD IT! I DON'T QUITE COTTON TUH THAT!

COLLECTIN' GOLD AN' JEWELS DON'T SOUND LIKE THE ARMY'S WAY OF HANDLIN' AN INJUN UPRISIN'! THERE'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY STRANGE ABOUT THIS SET-UP!

WELL, IT'S NOT THE USUAL WAY OF HANDLIN' INJUNS, HORSEMAN. SO I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR BEIN' SUSPICIOUS! BUT JUST TO CALM YOUR FEARS, I THINK YOU'D BETTER EXAMINE OUR CREDENTIALS!



LOOKIN' AT THEIR DOCUMENTS JEST ABOUT  
TOOK THE WIND OUTA MUH SAILS! WHY,  
THAT KRAGG HOMBRE WAS EVEN A  
HERO!

A CITATION  
FOR VALOR—  
FROM GENERAL  
CUSTER! RECKON  
I HAD YUH ALL  
WRONG, KRAGG!

NO HARM DONE,  
HORSEMAN! DON'T  
BLAME YUH FOR  
BEIN' CARE-  
FUL!

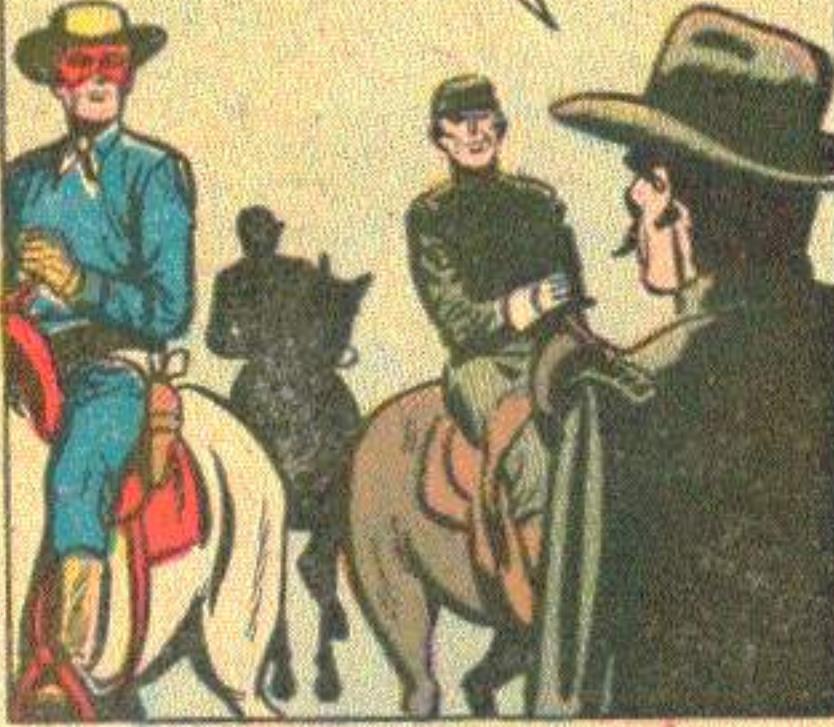
I RECKON  
THAT SETTLES  
IT, CAP'N! YUH  
GIVE THE  
ORDERS AND  
I'LL FOLLOW  
'EM!

GOOD! REMEMBER,  
I WANT EVERY SETTLER  
WARNED OUTA THIS  
TERRITORY---AND  
EVERY BIT OF WEALTH  
COLLECTED, SO THAT  
WE CAN KEEP IT FROM  
THE COMANCHES!

BELIEVE ME, AMIGOS, COLLECTIN'  
ALL THAT GOLD, GREENBACKS AN'  
JEWELS WAS NO CINCH! I HAD  
TUH DO SOME TALL TALKIN'...

I AIN'T HEARD  
OF INJUN TROUBLE,  
BUT IF THE HORSE-  
MAN VOUCHES  
FER IT, I'LL TURN  
OVER THE BANK'S  
MONEY TO THE  
ARMY!

AN' I'LL SPREAD  
THE WORD TO  
START MOVIN'  
OUT OF THE  
TERRITORY!



IT WAS SURE MIGHTY FLATTERIN' TUH  
SEE HOW THE PEOPLE TRUSTED ME!

MUH FAMILY'S PACKED  
AN' READY TUH MOVE  
OUT! I'M RELYIN' ON  
YOU AN' THE ARMY  
TO WATCH MUH  
STOCK OF  
JEWELRY!

THE  
LIEUTENANT  
WILL SIGN THE  
RECEIPT,  
PARDNER!

WAL, I GUESS  
WE'VE WARNED  
THE WHOLE  
TERRITORY,  
KRAGG!  
EVERYONE'S  
ON THE MOVE  
HEADIN' FOR  
SAFETY!

YEH, AN'  
WE'D BETTER  
MAKE FER THE  
PORT WITH THIS  
WAGON! CAP-  
TAIN TRACY'LL  
BE ANXIOUS  
TO SEE US!

I WAS PATTIN' MUHSELF ON THE BACK  
FER DOIN' A GOOD JOB WHEN SOME-  
THIN' HAPPENED TUH CHANGE THE  
WHOLE PICTURE!

A PANTHER!  
WATCH IT,  
KRAGG!

NO  
NO!  
HELP!

ARR.R.R.  
ARR.R.R.



"YESSIR, FOLKS! AT THE SIGHT OF THAT CATA MOUNT OUR  
BRAVE LIEUTENANT STARTED SCREAMIN' LIKE A SCHOOL-  
MARM! I MADE A QUICK ROPE TOSS--"

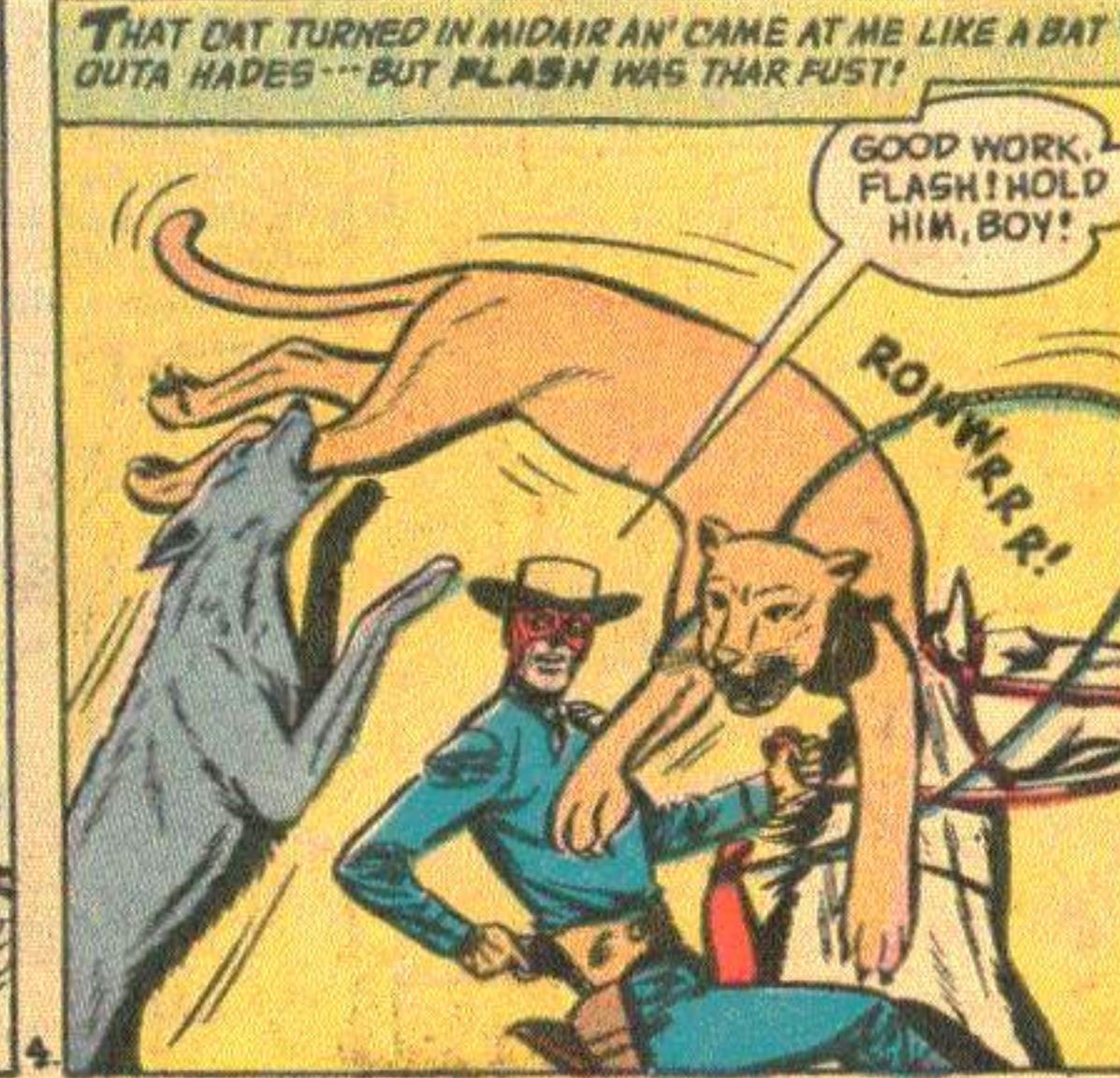
EEEE!  
GET HIM  
OFFA  
ME!

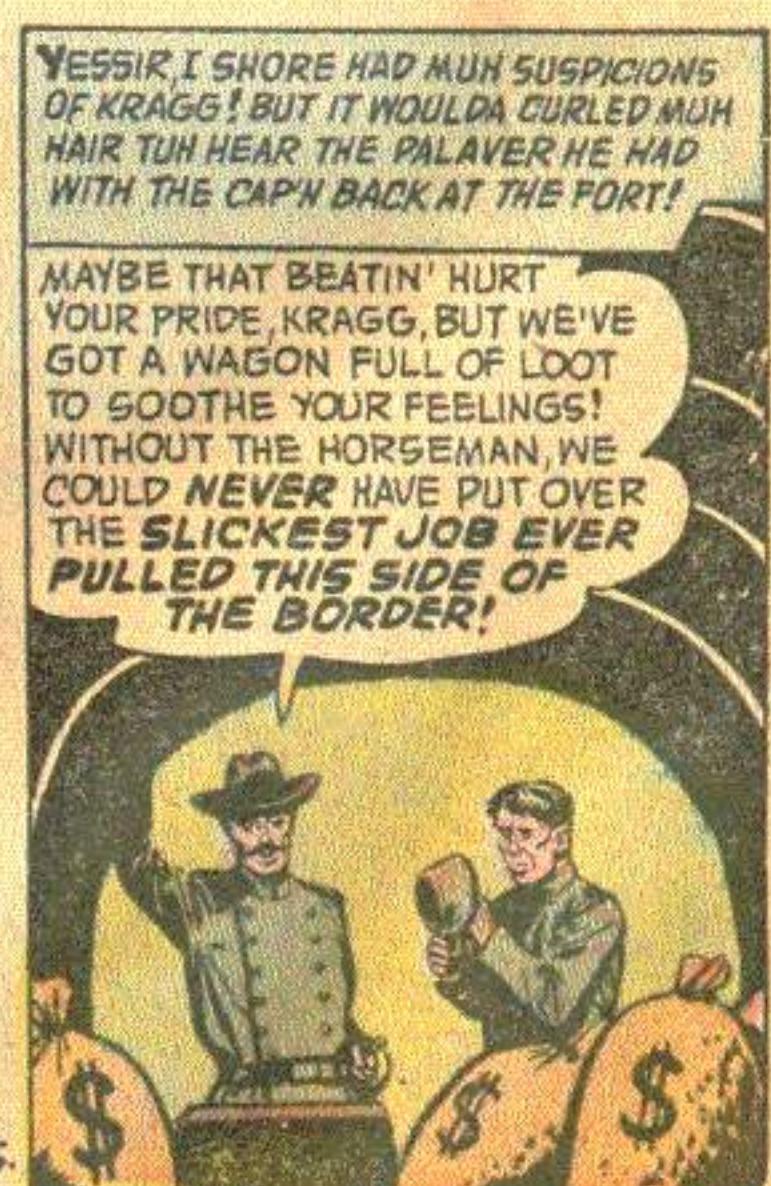


THAT OAT TURNED IN MIDAIR AN' CAME AT ME LIKE A BAT  
OUTA HADES---BUT FLASH WAS THAR FUST!

GOOD WORK,  
FLASH! HOLD  
HIM, BOY!

ROAAAARRR!  
ROAAAARRR!





THEY'LL BE TALKIN' ABOUT IT FOR YEARS---HOW SKIP TRACY CLEANED OUT THE WHOLE RIO TERRITORY WITH ONLY A HANDFUL OF BADMEN AND ARMY DESERTERS TO HELP HIM!

I GOTTA ADMIT USIN' THESE ARMY UNIFORMS WAS A RIGHT CUTE IDEA, BOSS!

THERE'S JUST ONE SPOT LEFT TO CLEAN UP---THE GOLD EAGLE PLACER MINE ON THE SWEETWATER RIVER! WE'LL POLISH IT OFF AND THEN HEAD OVER THE BORDER.

YOU'RE WRONG, KRAGG---WE'VE STILL GO ANOTHER PIECE OF UNFINISHED BUSINESS BEFORE WE TACKLE THAT PLACER!



I'VE HEARD OF THE HORSEMAN. NOT EVEN THE BORDER WILL STOP HIM FROM TRYIN' TO TRACK US DOWN AND BRING US TO TRIAL! WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM, I TELL YUH!

I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHIN' THERE, BOSS!

WELL, WHILE THOSE TWO VARMINTS WERE HATCHIN' THEIR PLANS, I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE COMANCHE RESERVATION TUH CHECK ON THE WHOLE DEAL! BUT THAT NIGHT...

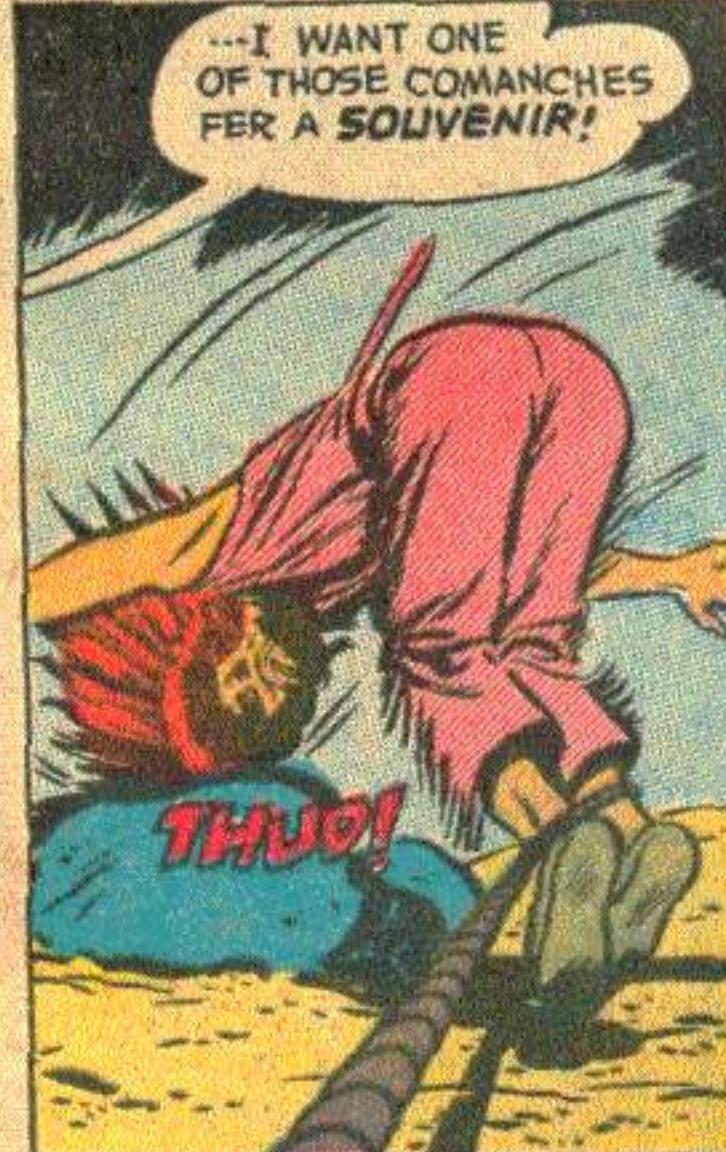


IF YOU BOYS ARE LOOKIN' FER TROUBLE, THIS IS THE PLACE TUH FIND IT!



I WAS A SMALL WAR PARTY---BUT THE PARTY BROKE UP! RECKON THEY DIDN'T CARE FER THE REFRESHMENTS ME IN' FLASH WERE SERVIN'!

OUTA THE WAY, FLASH...



'COURSE, IT TOOK A BIT OF ENCOURAGEMENT  
...BUT BEFORE LONG, I GOT MY "COMANCHE"  
TO TALK...

THEM ARMY UNIFORMS AN' THE INJUN  
SCARE WAS JUST A SCHEME TUH LOOT  
THIS WHOLE TERRITORY! THEY MUZ  
PLAYIN' YUH FER A SUCKER  
ALL THE TIME,  
HORSEMAN!

IT WASN'T ALL  
A FAKE HOMBRE!  
THAT DISPATCH RIDER  
I SAW WAS MIGHTY  
DEAD!

YEAH...HE WAS A RANCHER THAT GOT  
KILLED WHEN TRACY BURNED DOWN  
HIS SPREAD!

I GET THE PICTURE,  
HOMBRE! AN' NOW YUH'RE  
GONNA TELL ME WHAR  
I CAN FIND TRACY...  
SAVVY?

I'LL TALK, HORSEMAN! I WAS TUH  
MEET TRACY AND THE OTHERS AT  
THE GOLD EAGLE PLACER MINE!  
THAT'S THE LAST PLACE THEY'RE  
CLEANIN' OUT!

ALL RIGHT, AMIGO!  
NOW, GET ON YORE  
HOSS---WE'RE GOIN'  
FER A RIDE!

I NEEDED HELP TUH TACKLE THE GANG, BUT THAT "INJUN"  
UPRISING HAD THE WHOLE POPULATION HEADIN' FER COVER!  
ROUNDIN' UP A POSSE WAS NO CINCH...

THAR'S A WAGON  
TRAIN HEADIN' OUT  
OF THE TERRITORY RIGHT  
NOW! I RECKON I CAN  
GET HELP DOWN  
THAR!

FIVE MINUTES OF FAST TALK AND I HAD 'FIFTY MEN BE-  
HIND ME---FIFTY MEN MAD AS HORNETS AND ITCHIN' FER  
ACTION!

THEM THIEVIN'  
COYOTES GOT FIVE  
THOUSAND DOLLARS  
OF MINE IN THAT  
WAGON!

THEY CLEANED  
ME OUT, TOO!

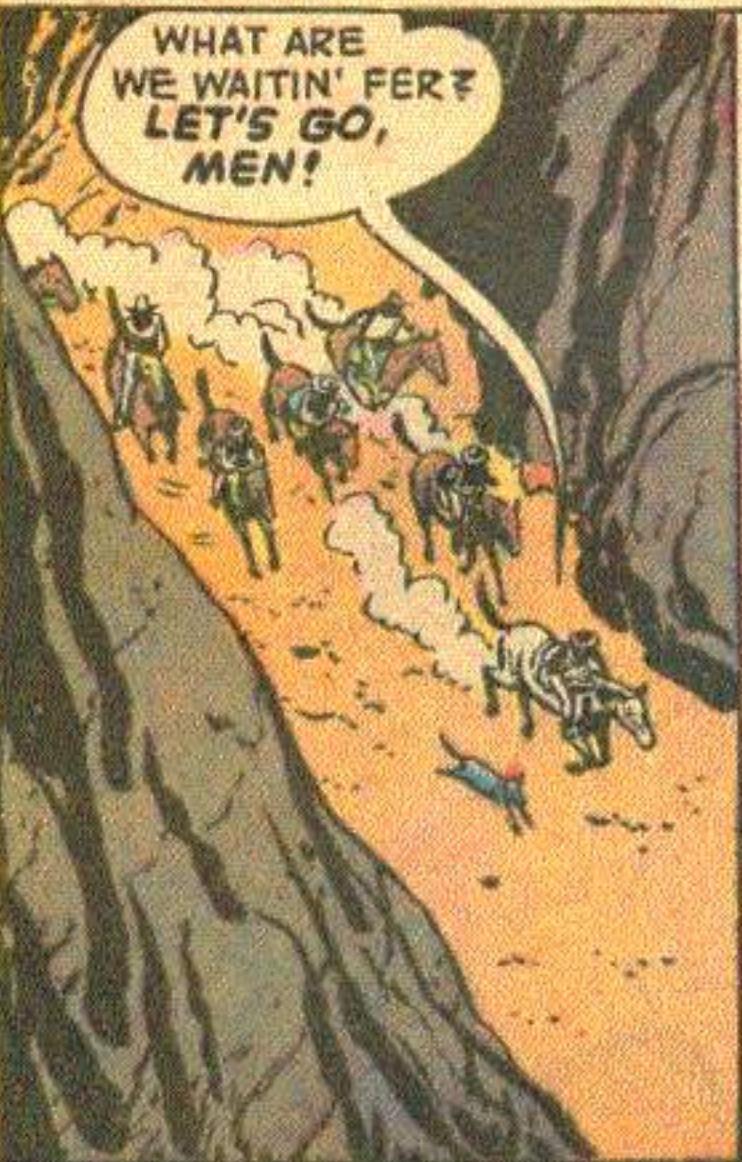
WHAT ARE  
WE WAITIN' FER?  
LET'S GO,  
MEN!

WE SWEPT UP THAT TRAIL LIKE A  
PRAIRIE FIRE AND TRAPPED TRACY  
AN' HIS BUNCH! THEY WERE STILL  
COUNTIN' THEIR HAUL AT THE GOLD  
EAGLE PLACER MINE...

IT'S THE HORSE-  
MAN AND A POSSE!  
WE'RE CORNERED!

TRACY, WHAT'LL  
WE DO? WE  
HAVEN'T GOT  
A CHANCE!

WE'RE NOT  
FINISHED YET!  
HEAD FOR THAT  
NEST OF ROCKS  
UP THERE,  
BOYS!



AS AN ARMY CAPTAIN, TRACY WAS A PHONEY... BUT HE SURE KNEW HIS MILITARY TACTICS! THOSE ROCKS MADE A PERFECT FORT!

WE'VE GOTTA FIGGER A WAY OF GETTIN' 'EM OUTA THOSE ROCKS BEFORE NIGHTFALL, OR THEY'LL SLIP AWAY IN THE DARK!

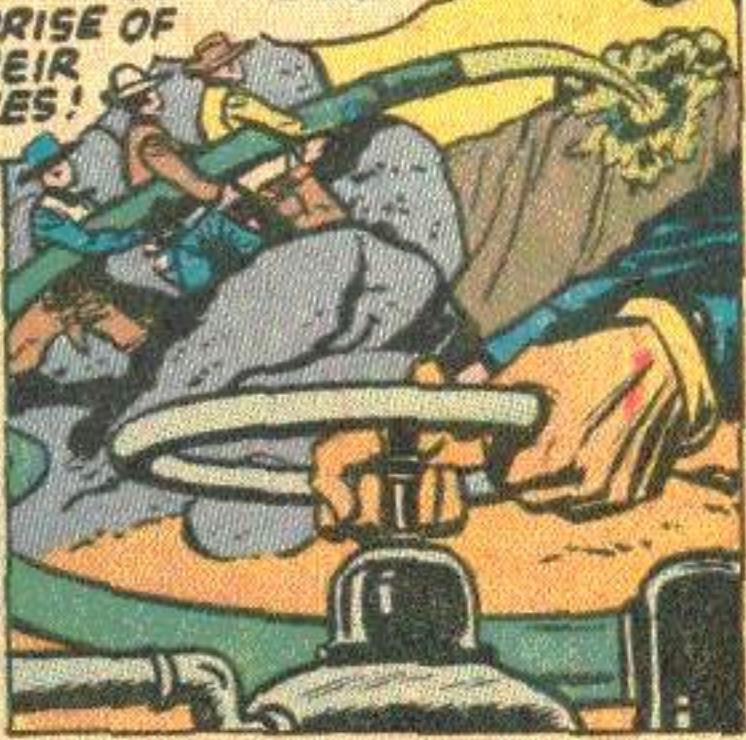
BUT IT'LL BE SUICIDE CLIMBIN' THAT HILL! THEY'LL PICK US OFF LIKE FLIES!

I LOOKED AROUND FOR AN ANSWER... AND IT HIT ME RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

THAT'S IT!... THE HYDRAULIC PUMPS THEY USE TUH WASH THE GOLD OUTA THE EARTH!

THE TURN OF A VALVE... AND THAT CONSCARNED MACHINE LET GO WITH THE ROAR OF A THOUSAND GRIZZLIES!

HOLD THAT HOSE, MEN! THOSE THIEVIN' COYOTES ARE GONNA GET THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES!



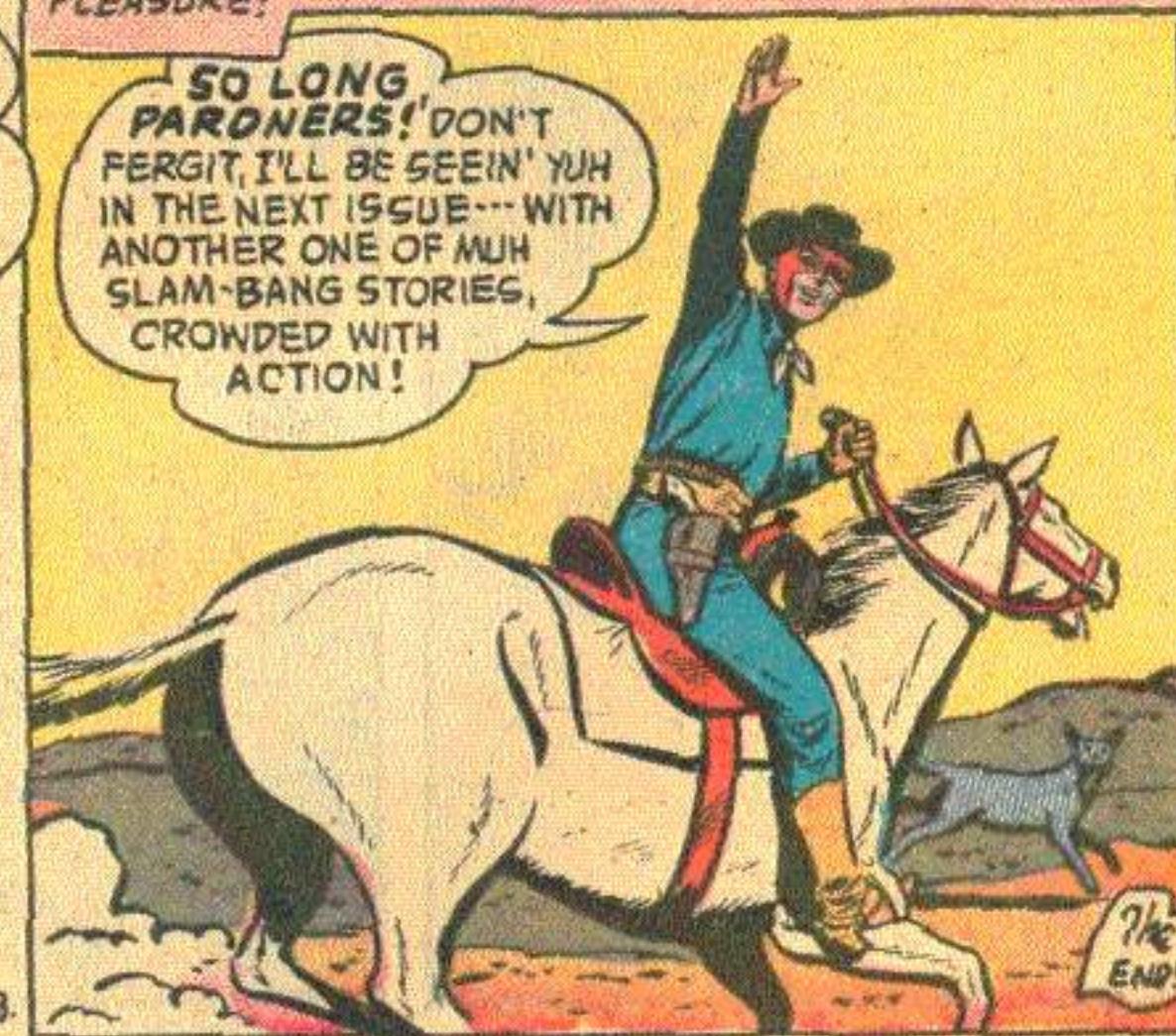
THAT STREAM OF WATER SLICED THROUGH THEIR DEFENSES LIKE A HOT KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER! I COULD ALMOST SEE TRACY AN' KRAGG TURNIN' WHITE AT THE GILLS!



MINUTES LATER WE WERE FISHIN' 'EM OUTA THE DRINK LIKE A PASSEL OF HALF-DROWNED RATS!



WAL, AMIGOS, THAT'S HOW IT ENDED! AFTER ALL THE HARM THEY DONE, ROUNDIN' UP THOSE SIDEWINDERS WAS A PURE PLEASURE!



THE END!



**GEE! IT MUST HAVE TAKEN YEARS TO LEARN TO PLAY LIKE THAT!**



**NOT AT ALL! I DIDN'T KNOW A NOTE. YET I STARTED PLAYING WHOLE PIECES RIGHT AWAY!**

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#### Amazes Friends

"In a few weeks I could play several pieces. Everyone was amazed, especially friends who had had lessons for years and whom it took 6 months to a year to play simple pieces." — Mrs. J. P. Perry, Princeton, W. Va.



# PEACE-LOVIN' BLACKSMITH

L UKE CONNORS RUBBED his stubby chin with the back of his grimy hand and glinted menacingly around the crowded saloon. "So that new blacksmith's one o' them peace-lovin' birds, eh?" he snorted. "That means he don't belong in THIS town. Reckon I'll mosey over an' boot him on his way!"

The saloon cleared swiftly as a crowd gathered to watch what they hoped would be a real ruckus. There hadn't been one in the lawless town of Coffin Flats for nearly two days. The cowpokes didn't know what to make of the newcomer, Jeff Scott. He was a tall, rawboned man with graying hair, hard, bulging muscles, and steel blue, fearless eyes. But in the week he'd been in Coffin Flats the townsfolk had learned that he was a hard worker, a non-drinker, and a church goer...and, he couldn't be provoked into a fight.

"Why don't you fergit it, Luke?" said one of the older cowpokes. "That feller is just mindin' his own business."

"And you mind YORES!" sputtered Connors, slamming his fist wrist-deep into the cowpoke's soft belly. The stricken man collapsed writhing in the dust.

Jeff Scott had seen the incident from his blacksmith's shop across the way. He felt the crawl of anger along his spine as the crowd approached. In a moment the two men faced each other across the glowing forge. "You shouldn't have done that," said Jeff, with a strong effort to keep his voice clam. "That man didn't mean no harm."

Luke Connors threw his head back and laughed. The men who knew him best shuddered. It was a wicked laugh, the kind they had heard just before Luke shot down the young Phillips brothers. Suddenly the laugh stopped, with chilling abruptness. "They say yuh won't fight," sneered Connors, "an' I see yuh don't pack shootin' irons. You skeered o' gunplay?"

"No," said Jeff slowly. "But I've learned that lead slingin' never settles

anything. I aim to live in this town WITH-OUT carryin' guns...peacefully!"

"That's what YOU think, pardner!" roared Luke. "But you're gettin' out o' this town, PRONTO!" Jeff pursed his lips and met Connors' fierce gray eyes. Suddenly, Luke whipped both pistols from his holsters and pointed to a can in the middle of the street. "Yuh see that?" he shouted. "Now watch, and then...VA-MOOSE!" Six shots rang out, each followed instantly by the clang of lead against tin. The men whistled softly as the can kicked and sputtered across the road. "That's SHOOTIN!" said Connors with a self-satisfied smirk. "Only one man in this territory can match that, and his name's LIGHTNIN' SMITH, the ex-sheriff o' Tombstone, but nobody's seen him in these parts fer years!"

"I heard about HIM," said one of the old-timers. "But Smith not only could MATCH that...he could hit a silver dollar six times after tossin' it in the air!" The men howled. "That's just TALK," said one. "Nobody here ever SEEN Smith in action!"

"I did," Everyone whirled as Jeff calmly fetched a silver dollar from his pocket. "Will anybody lend me a six-shooter?" It was quickly produced. The men watched hypnotized as the silver dollar spun into the sun. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! The shots split the hushed air like the lash of a bullwhip. When the coin dropped into the dust the men gathered quickly around to stare at the twisted bit of metal. "Crimpin' coyotes!" they chorused.

Suddenly Jeff grabbed Connors by the throat. "YOU'RE the one who's gettin' out o' town...and it better be FAST! And remember, LIGHTNIN' SMITH means what he says, only now he calls himself JEFF SCOTT!"

The incredibly swift punch sent Luke reeling into the dust. He got up slowly, glanced swiftly at the doubled fists of the blacksmith, and started running for dear life.

DANGER STALKED ALONG THE RIDGES AND DEATH LURKED IN EVERY VALLEY! REDMAN HUNTED REDMAN IN THE BITTER, DEADLY FEUDS THAT WERE KILLING OFF THE BRAVEST WARRIORS AND THREATENED TO WIPE THE PROUDEST INDIAN TRIBES FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH! SOMEONE HAD TO CALL A HALT TO THE TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER...AND THAT SOMEONE WAS ...

# JOHNNY INJUN!

YIP-YIP!  
EEE-YIIIIIII!

THE PEIGAN WAR CRY!  
IT'S...JOHNNY  
INJUN!



JOHNNY INJUN! THE OLD WEST RANG WITH THE FAME OF THE ORPHANED WHITE BOY WHOM THE INDIANS HAD RAISED! BUT THE ONE MAN WHO KNEW THE BOY'S TRUE WORTH AS A TRUSTED WARRIOR WAS JOHNNY'S FOSTER-FATHER, RUNNING DEER, CHIEF OF THE PEIGANS!

MY SON, BY THE WILL OF THE GREAT WHITE FATHER, I AND MY WARRIORS MUST RIDE TO FORT LINCOLN TO TALK PEACE WITH THE CROWS!

PEACE WITH THE CROWS? BUT THEY ARE OUR SWORN ENEMIES. MY FATHER!

TRUE, THE CROWS HAVE BAD HEARTS AGAINST US! BUT EACH YEAR, THE WARPATH COSTS BOTH SIDES MANY FINE WARRIORS! IF WE DO NOT MAKE PEACE WITH EACH OTHER, THE RED MAN WILL SOON DESTROY HIMSELF!

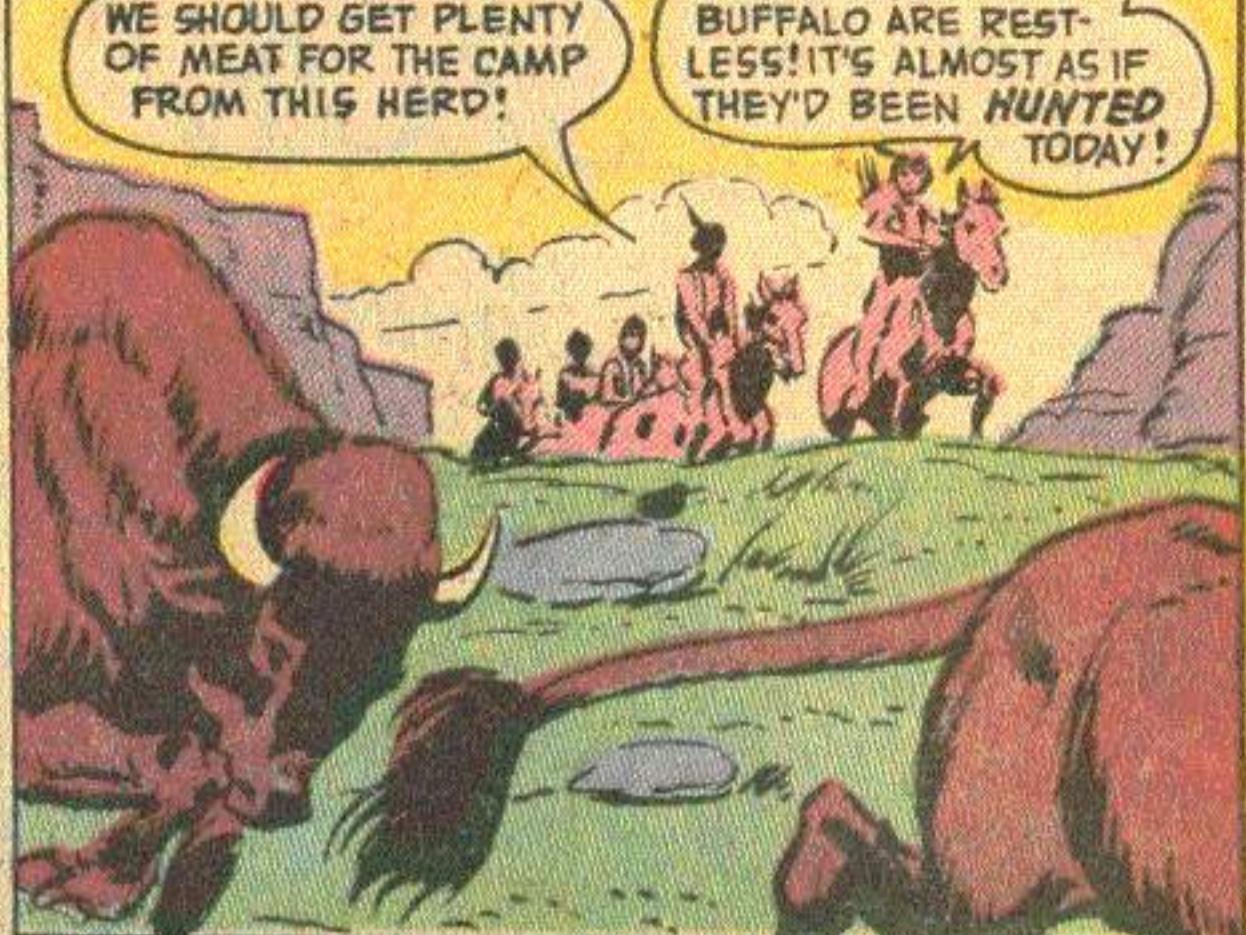
MY FATHER SPEAKS WITH WISDOM! YET, THE CROWS ARE NEVER SO DANGEROUS AS WHEN THEY TALK OF PEACE!



TRUE, MY SON! THAT IS WHY I LEAVE YOU AND THE YOUNGER BRAVES TO GUARD OUR CAMP! SHOULD THERE BE TROUBLE, YOU WILL HAVE OLD WHITE HORSE, THE MEDICINE MAN, TO ADVISE YOU!

WE WILL GUARD THE VILLAGE WITH OUR LIVES, FATHER!

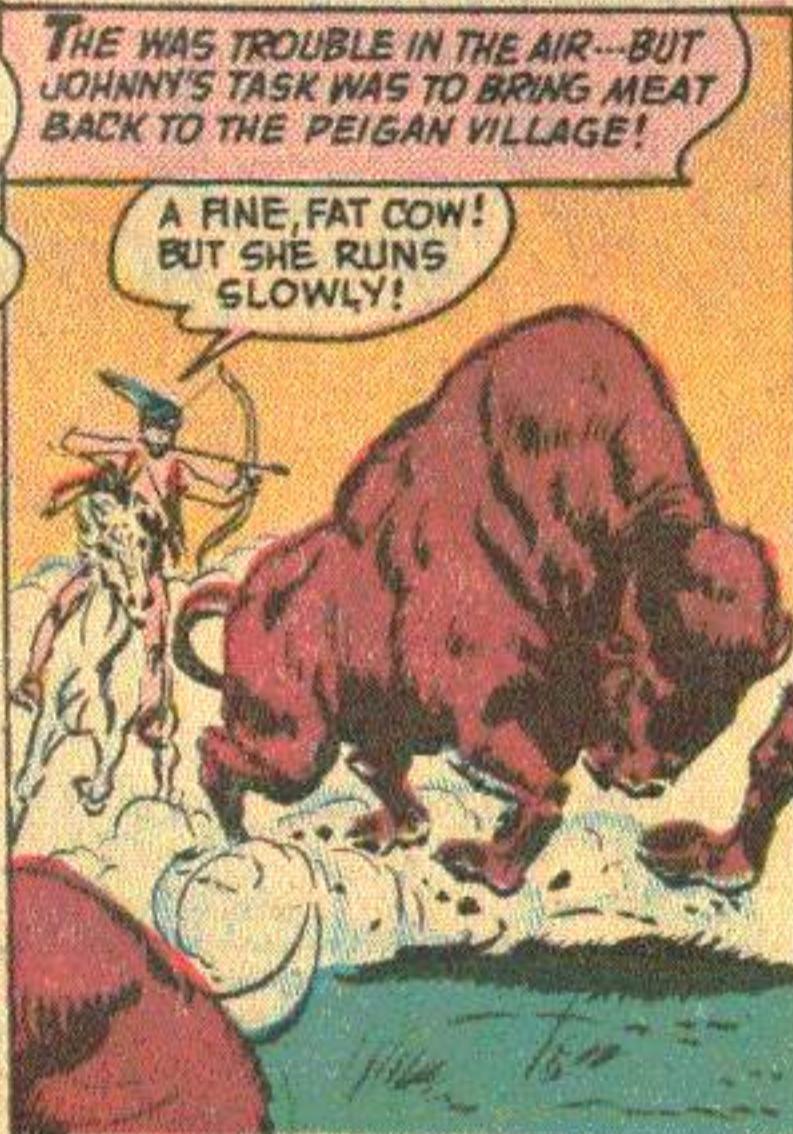
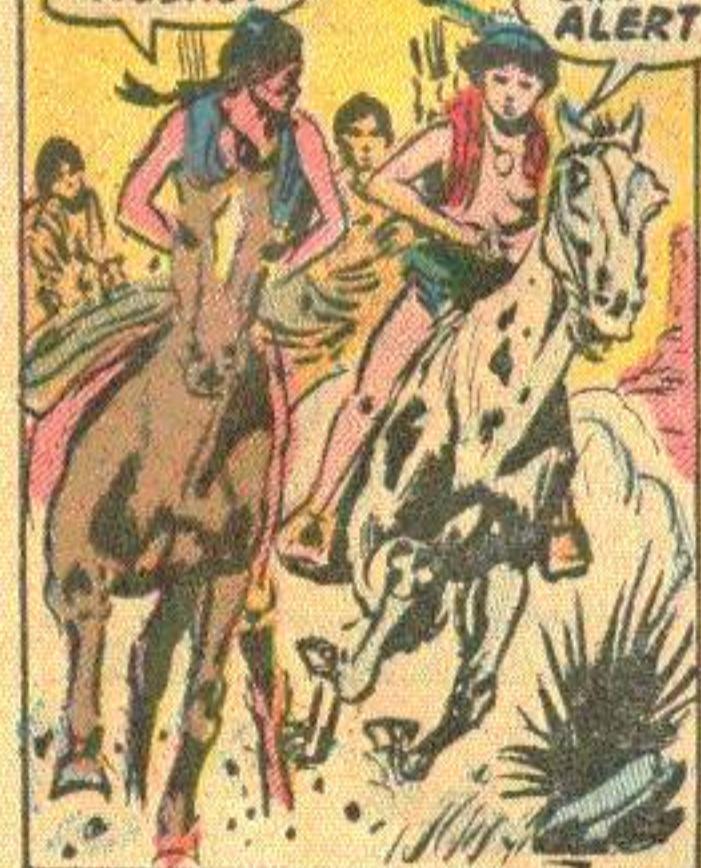
AS THE CHIEF'S FOSTER SON, JOHNNY BORE GREAT RESPONSIBILITIES! ONE OF THEM WAS TO FEED THE PEIGAN CAMP IN HIS FATHER'S ABSENCE! AND SO THE YOUNG BRAVE LED A BUFFALO HUNT...



HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE? FOUR BRAVES HAVE NOT HUNTED BUFFALO FOR WEEKS!

THERE MAY BE STRANGERS ON OUR HUNTING GROUNDS! WE WILL HAVE TO STAY ALERT!

THE WAS TROUBLE IN THE AIR--BUT JOHNNY'S TASK WAS TO BRING MEAT BACK TO THE PEIGAN VILLAGE!



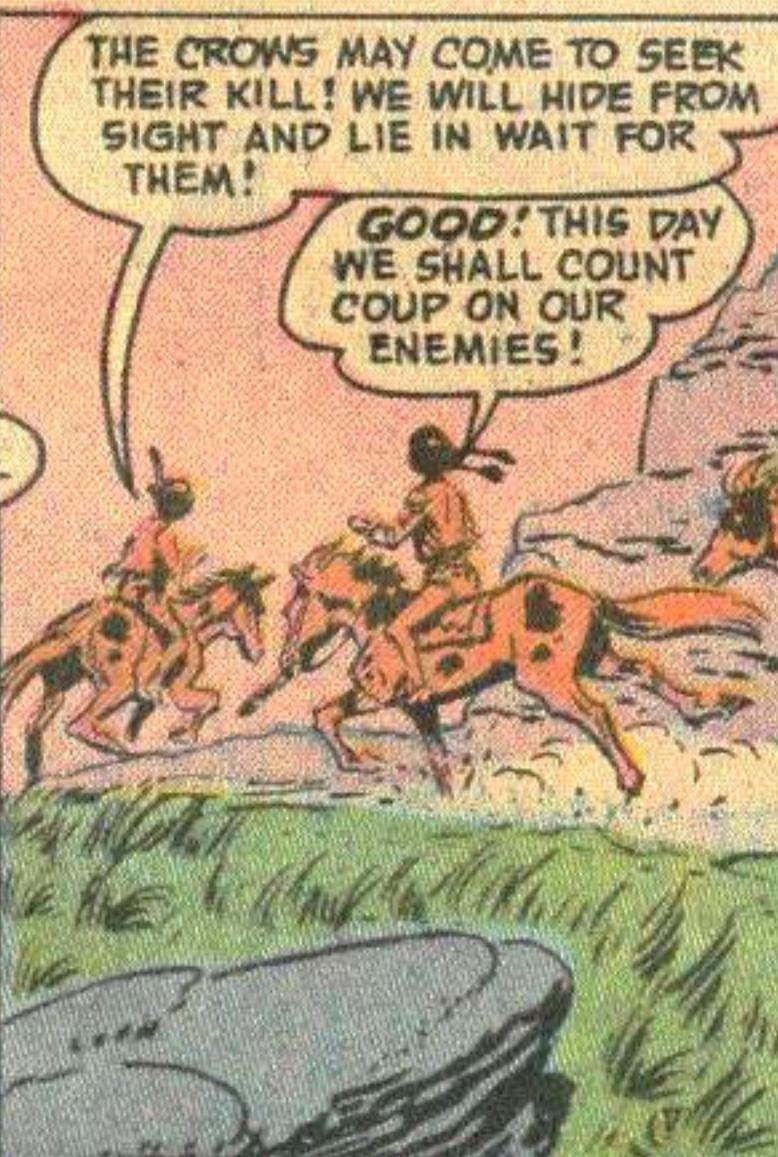
IT HAD TAKEN JOHNNY BUT ONE ARROW TO KILL THE BUFFALO! BUT A MOMENT LATER, HIS SHARP EYE SPOTTED A SECOND FEATHERED SHAFT!

A CROW ARROW! THEN THAT IS WHY THE COW RAN SO SLOWLY! THAT THE BUFFALOS WERE RESTLESS!

WITH THE CROWS ON OUR HUNTING GROUNDS, IT IS NO WONDER

THE CROWS MAY COME TO SEEK THEIR KILL! WE WILL HIDE FROM SIGHT AND LIE IN WAIT FOR THEM!

GOOD! THIS DAY WE SHALL COUNT COUP ON OUR ENEMIES!



SURE ENOUGH, THE CROW WARRIORS SHOWED UP SOON AFTERWARD! BUT AS THEY PREPARED TO BUTCHER THE FALLEN COW...



**THE CROWS PLEADED FOR MERCY---  
THEIR EYES SHIFTING ABOUT LIKE  
THOSE OF TRAPPED SNAKES---**

MY LITTLE PEIGAN BROTHERS  
---YOU WILL NOT HARM US? WE  
WERE JOURNEYING TO THE  
PEACE COUNCIL WHEN WE  
RAN OUT OF FOOD! THAT IS  
WHY WE ENTERED YOUR  
HUNTING GROUNDS!

YOUR  
PUNISHMENT  
DOES NOT  
LIE IN OUR  
HANDS! WHITE  
HORSE, THE  
PIEGAN MEDICINE  
MAN, SHALL DECIDE  
YOUR FATE!

**OLD WHITE HORSE WAS WISE IN  
THE EVIL WAYS OF THE CROWS! AND  
THE PEIGAN LAWS WERE HARSH!**

OUR ENEMIES, THE  
CROWS, HAVE TRESPASSED  
ON OUR HUNTING GROUNDS!  
BY OUR LAWS, DEATH  
IS THE PENALTY!

WAIT! IN  
THE NAME OF  
RUNNING  
DEER, MY  
FATHER, I  
WISH TO  
SPEAK!

**THOUGH JOHNNY WAS YOUNG, HIS DAR-  
ING EXPLOITS WERE MANY! THE  
PEIGANS LISTENED RESPECTFULLY...**

WE ALL KNOW THERE MUST BE  
PEACE AMONG THE TRIBES  
IF THE RED MAN IS TO SUR-  
VIVE! EVEN NOW RUNNING  
DEER IS AT FORT LINCOLN,  
HOPING TO MAKE PEACE  
WITH THE CROW NATION!  
IF THESE HUNTERS ARE  
SLAIN, ALL HOPE OF FRIEND-  
SHIP WILL END!



**THE SON OF RUNNING DEER SPEAKS  
WISELY! HE WILL MAKE A GREAT CHIEF  
SOMEDAY! LET THE CROW HUNTERS  
DEPART IN PEACE!**



**BUT TO THE CROWS, THE PEIGAN'S  
MERCY WAS A SIGN OF WEAKNESS!  
AS THEY LEFT THE CAMP---**

SEE THE FINE  
HORSES THEY  
HAVE, MY  
BROTHERS!

IT IS A PITY!  
SUCH ANIMALS  
ARE TOO GOOD  
FOR THESE SOFT-  
HEARTED SQUAWS!

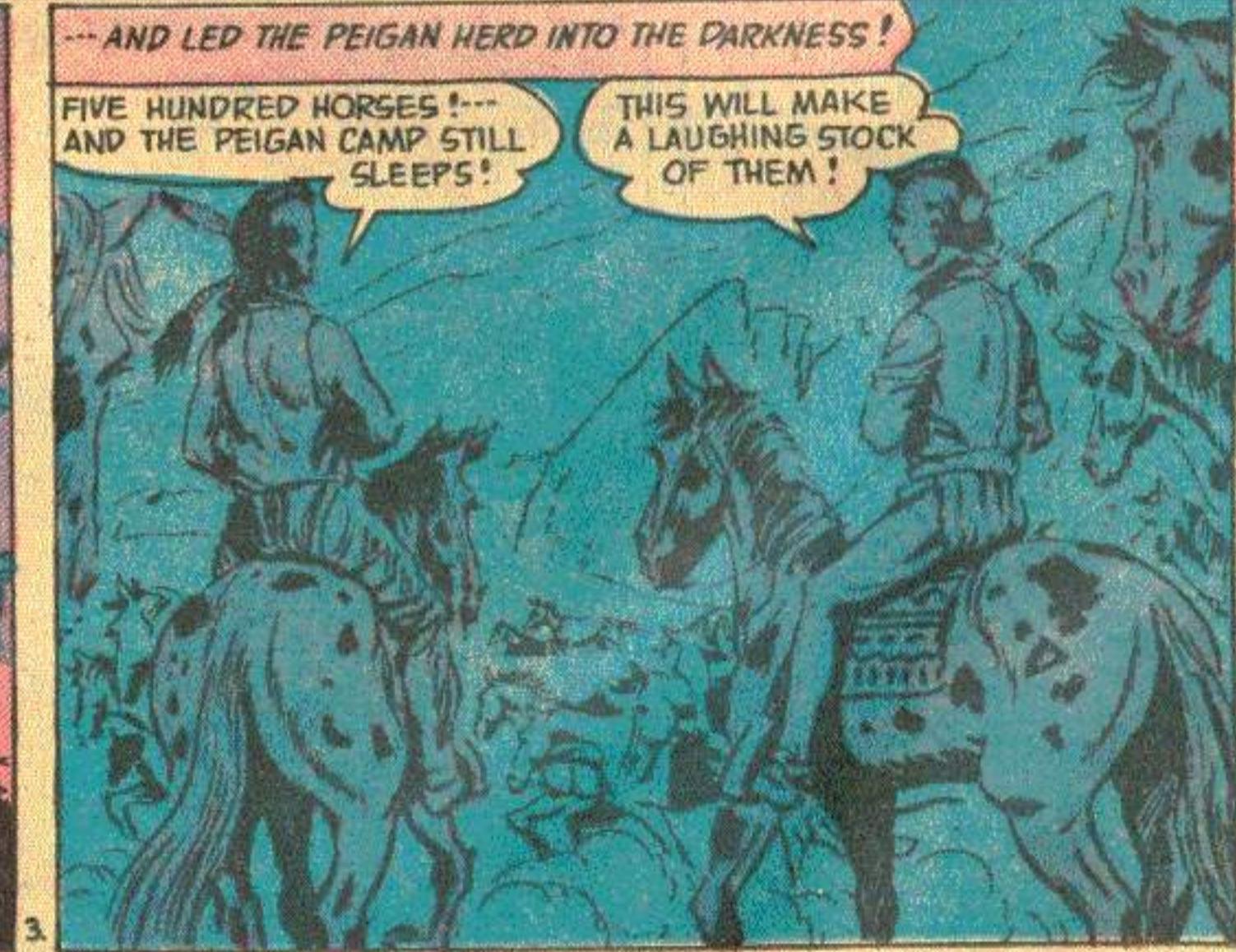


OUR ENEMIES HAVE BROUGHT  
MUCH SHAME ON US TODAY! BUT  
I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO RE-  
PAY THEM WELL!  
TONIGHT WE WILL  
RETURN TO STEAL  
THEIR HORSES!

IT SHOULD  
BE EASY, MY  
BROTHER--  
WITH ONLY A  
FEW BOYS  
GUARDING  
THE HERD!



**The  
CROWS  
WERE THE  
MOST ADEPT  
HORSE  
THIEVES ON  
THE PLAINS  
---AND THAT  
NIGHT THEY  
PROVED  
THEIR SKILL  
ONCE MORE!  
IN DEADLY  
SILENCE,  
THEY  
CLUBBED  
THE GUARDS...**



**---AND LED THE PEIGAN HERD INTO THE DARKNESS!**

FIVE HUNDRED HORSES!--  
AND THE PEIGAN CAMP STILL  
SLEEPS!

THIS WILL MAKE  
A LAUGHING STOCK  
OF THEM!

WHEN THE LOSS BECAME KNOWN...

THE FAULT IS YOURS, JOHNNY INJUN! IT WAS YOU WHO ASKED MERCY FOR THE CROWS! BECAUSE OF YOU, WE HAVE LOST OUR HERDS!

I AM THE SON OF RUNNING DEER, AND ALSO A BRAVE OF THE PEIGANS! IF THE BLAME IS MINE, I ACCEPT IT!

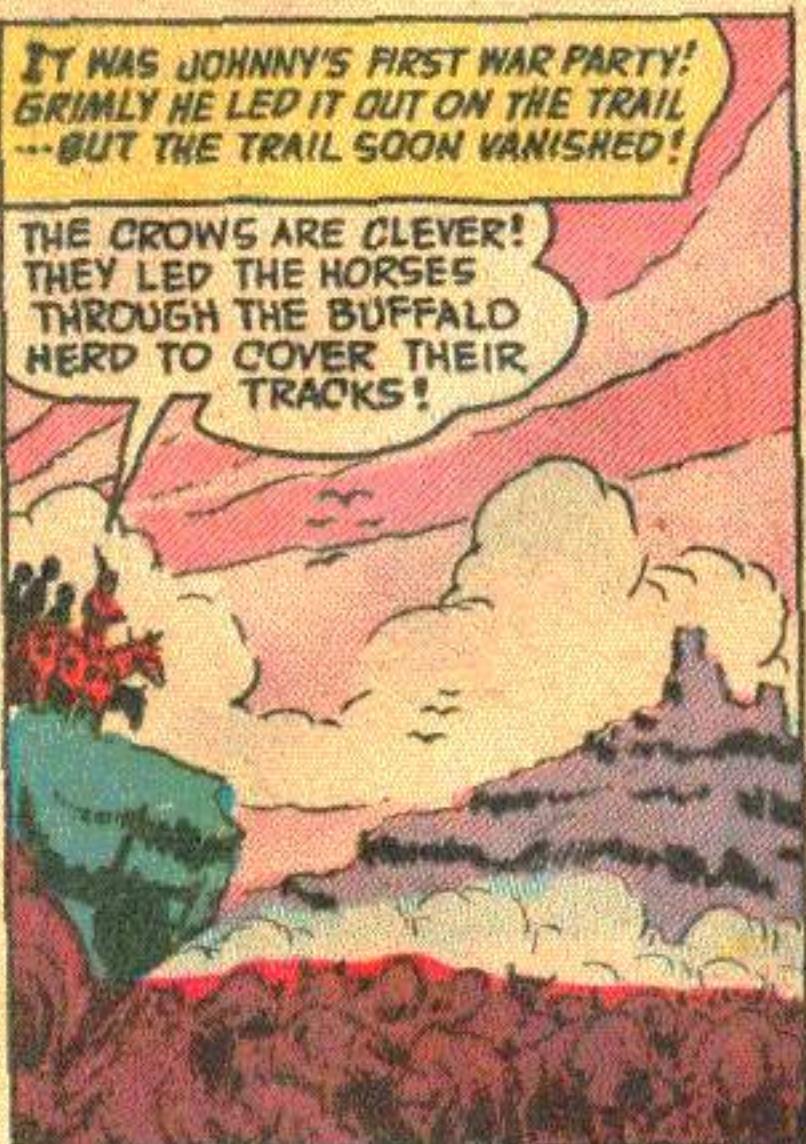
BUT NOW I RIDE AGAINST OUR ENEMIES, THE CROWS! WHO RIDES WITH ME TO HUNT DOWN THOSE THIEVING JACKALS?

WE ARE WITH YOU! ALL OF US!



IT WAS JOHNNY'S FIRST WAR PARTY! GRIMLY HE LED IT OUT ON THE TRAIL ...BUT THE TRAIL SOON VANISHED!

THE CROWS ARE CLEVER! THEY LED THE HORSES THROUGH THE BUFFALO HERD TO COVER THEIR TRACKS!



THEY WON'T OUTSMART US! THEY HAVE TO WATER THOSE HORSES SOMEWHERE! WE'LL SCOUT EVERY WATER HOLE IN THE HILLS UNTIL WE PICK UP SOME SIGN!



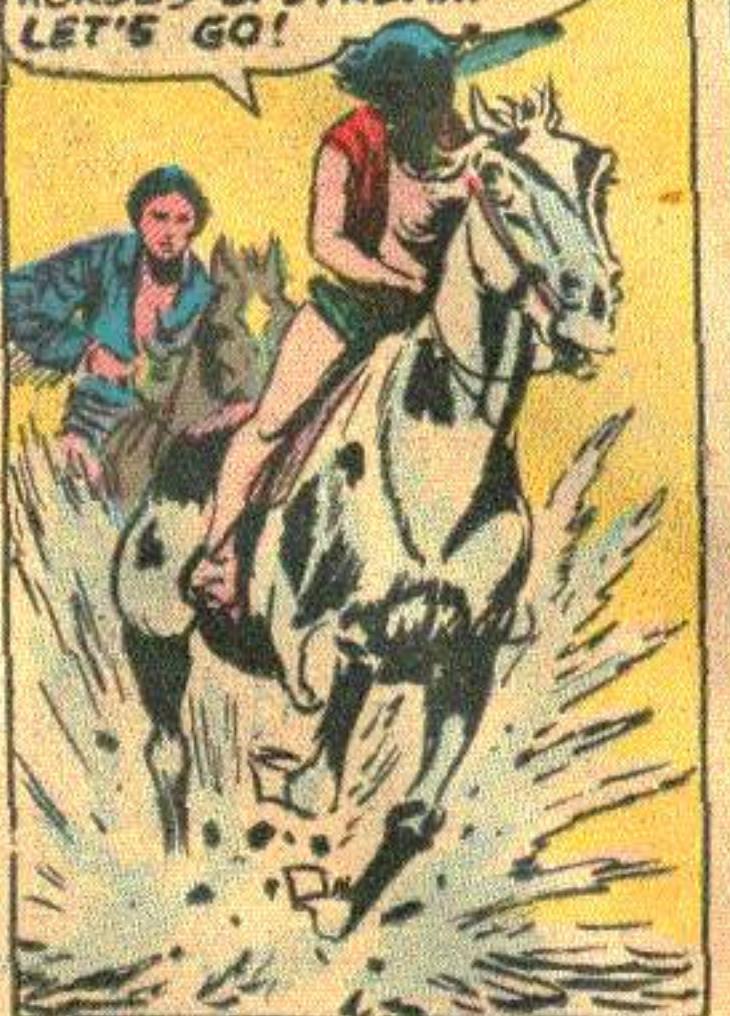
SKILLED IN THE LORE OF THE HUNTER, JOHNNY FOUND THE TRAIL! BUT THE CROWS' TRICKERY WAS A TOUGH TEST FOR THE YOUNG BRAVE...

THE TRAIL ENDS AT THE RIVER! WHICH WAY DO WE GO NOW?

WAIT! LOOK AT THE WATER ...IT'S MUDDY AS IT COMES DOWN-STREAM!



THAT CAN ONLY MEAN THAT THE CROWS DROVE OUR HORSES UPSTREAM... LET'S GO!



THAT VERY NIGHT, THEY FOUND THE CAMP OF THE HORSE THIEVES...

YOU HAVE LED US WELL, JOHNNY! IT WAS YOUR SKILL AT TRACKING THAT HELPED US FIND THE CROWS!

FINDING THEM WAS NOT AS HARD AS GETTING THAT HERD BACK WILL BE, MY BROTHER!



I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA! WAIT HERE WHILE I SCOUT THE RIM OF THIS CANYON!



**BY THE TIME JOHNNY RETURNED, HE HAD HIS PLAN READY---A PLAN WHOSE DARING WAS WORTHY OF A PEIGAN BRAVE!**

THE HORSES ARE  
TETHERED BETWEEN  
US AND THE CAMP OF  
THE CROWS! IF WE  
CAN STAMPEDE THE  
HERD TOWARD  
THAT CAMP... STA

THEN THE  
CANYON WILL  
BE A DEATH  
TRAP FOR  
THOSE THIEV-  
ING SNAKES!  
WE UNDER-  
AND, JOHNNY!

**IN DEAD SILENCE, THEY SLIPPED  
INTO THE CANYON ...**

**THERE ARE NO GUARDS --- THE CROWS THINK THEY ARE SAFE FROM DISCOVERY!**

**REMEMBER,  
WE MUST  
FRIGHTEN THE  
HORSES BADLY  
ENOUGH SO THAT  
THEY'LL BOLT!**

A SHRILL WHISTLE, THE FLAP OF A BLANKET, AND THEN THE BLOOD-CURDLING WAR CRY OF THE PEIGANS! IN SECONDS THE HERD WAS STAMPEDED!

KI-YI-YUUU!

**TERROR, THE  
HORSES TORE  
LOOSE, CHARG-  
ED DOWN ON  
THE CROW  
CAMP!**

**THE HORSES!  
THEY'RE STAMPED-  
ING!**

CLIMB THE CANYON WALLS!  
GET TO THOSE LEDGES!  
IT'S OUR ONLY  
*CHANCE!*

*The herd roared past... but when the trembling crows descended once more, Johnny and his braves were waiting!*

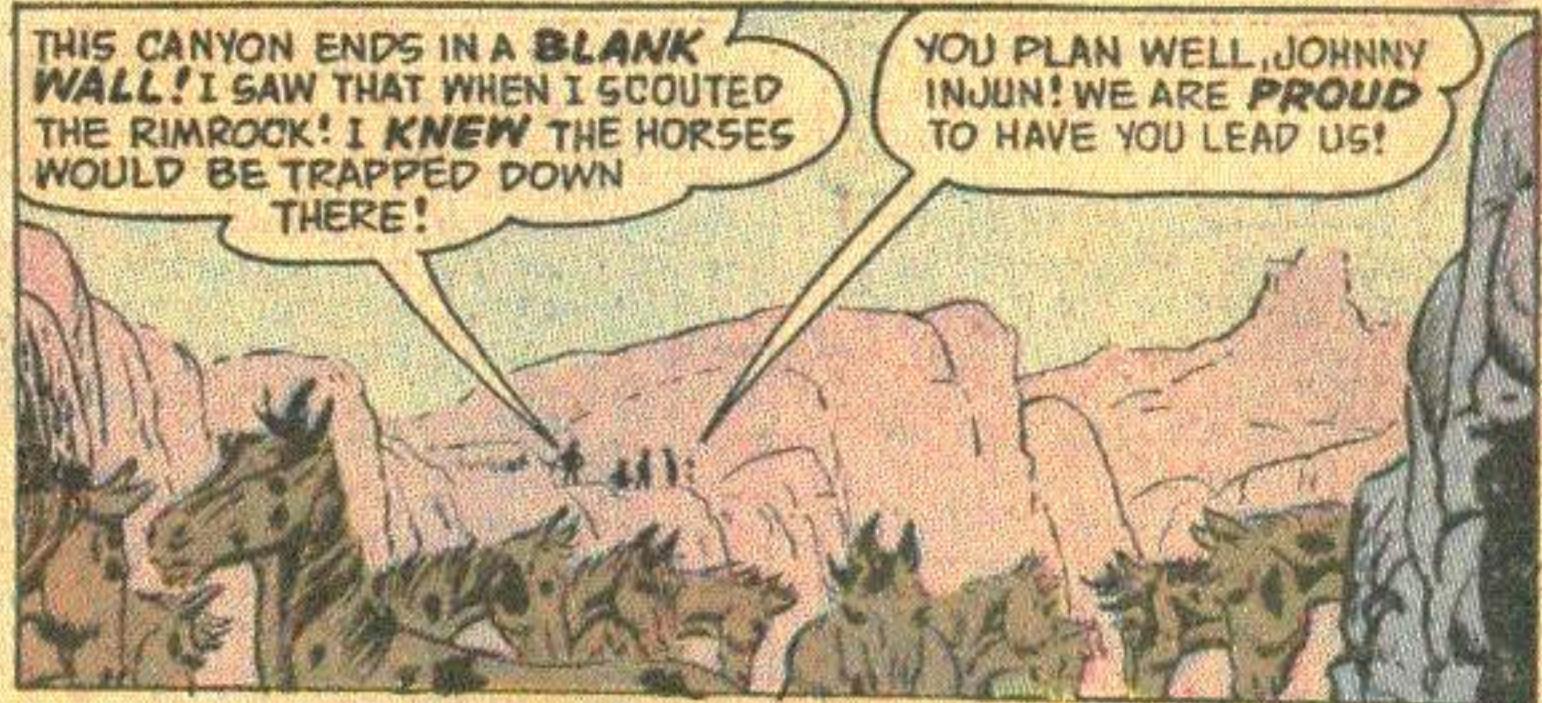
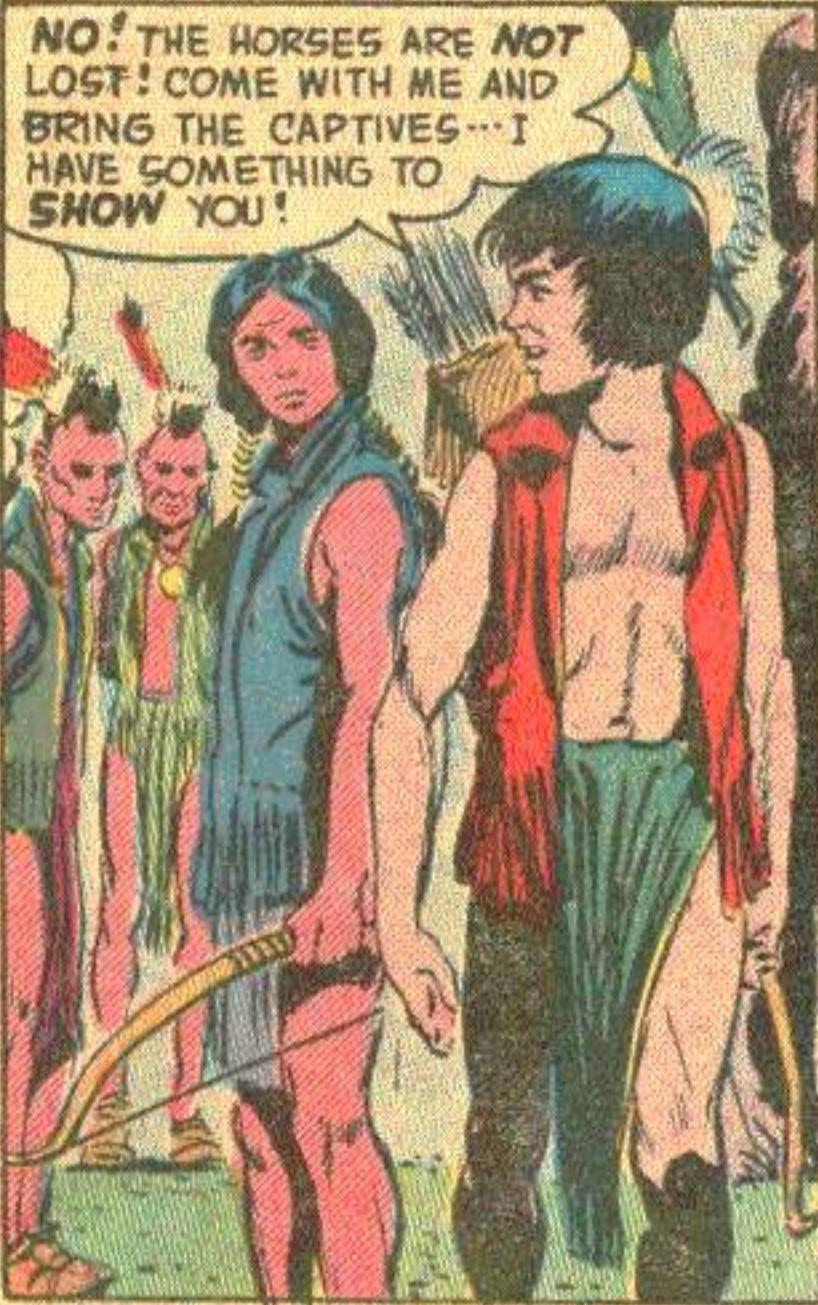
WHAT CAN IT BE  
THAT FRIGHTENS  
OUR CROW FRIENDS  
SO Z

THE CROWS ARE BRAVE ONLY WHEN IT COMES TO STEALING HORSES UNDER THE COVER OF NIGHT! THEY LOSE THEIR COURAGE WHEN THEY FACE THE PEIGAN ARROWS!

A dynamic comic book panel. At the top, a speech bubble contains the text: "CLIMB THE CANYON WALLS! GET TO THOSE LEDGES! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!". Below the speech bubble, a character in a green suit and red cape is shown in mid-air, swinging on a vine. The character has a determined expression and is looking upwards. The background shows the dark, textured walls of a canyon. At the bottom of the frame, a large, shocked face of another character is visible, looking up at the climber. The face is yellow with freckles and has a wide-open mouth.

"WE HAVE DONE WELL, MY BROTHERS!  
OUR FATHERS WILL BE PROUD TO HEAR  
HOW WE DEFEATED THE CROWS!"

BUT JOHNNY, WHAT OF  
THE HORSES? THAT STAM-  
PEDE MUST HAVE SCAT-  
TERED THEM FOR MILES!



YOU PLAN WELL, JOHNNY INJUN! WE ARE PROUD TO HAVE YOU LEAD US!



BACK AT FORT LINCOLN, THE CROW CHIEFTAINS HAD BEEN SHOWING THEIR TRUE COLORS! WITH THE PEACE TREATY WRITTEN, THEY REFUSED TO SIGN...

LOOK, MY BROTHERS, HOW RUNNING DEER AND HIS PEIGANS BEG FOR PEACE! HAVE WE NOT ALWAYS SAID THAT THE PEIGANS ARE BUT SQUAWS AND COWARDS?

THE CROW CHIEF LIES! MY PEOPLE HAVE NEVER BEEN AFRAID TO MEET THE CROWS ON THE WARPATH!

TEMPERS WERE FLARING WHEN THE FORT GATE BURST OPEN AND...

IT IS JOHNNY INJUN, SON OF RUNNING DEER! AND THOSE PRISONERS WITH HIM ARE CROWS!

BRIEFLY, PROUDLY, JOHNNY TOLD HIS STORY! THEN...

--THEN WHEN THESE CROW THIEVES STOLE OUR HORSES, I AND THE OTHERS HUNTED THEM DOWN LIKE THE COYOTES THEY ARE!

THOSE WARRIORS WERE AMONG THE BEST OF MY PEOPLE!

JOHNNY'S EXPLOIT WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE CROW CHIEFS...

IF A MERE PEIGAN BOY CAN OUTSMART AND OUTFIGHT OUR BEST WARRIORS, THEN IT IS BETTER THAT WE SIGN THE PEACE!

YES, ONCE MORE JOHNNY INJUN HAD WON THROUGH! ONCE AGAIN HE HAD PROVED HIS RIGHT TO BE CALLED THE BRAVEST WARRIOR AMONG THE PEIGANS!



THE END

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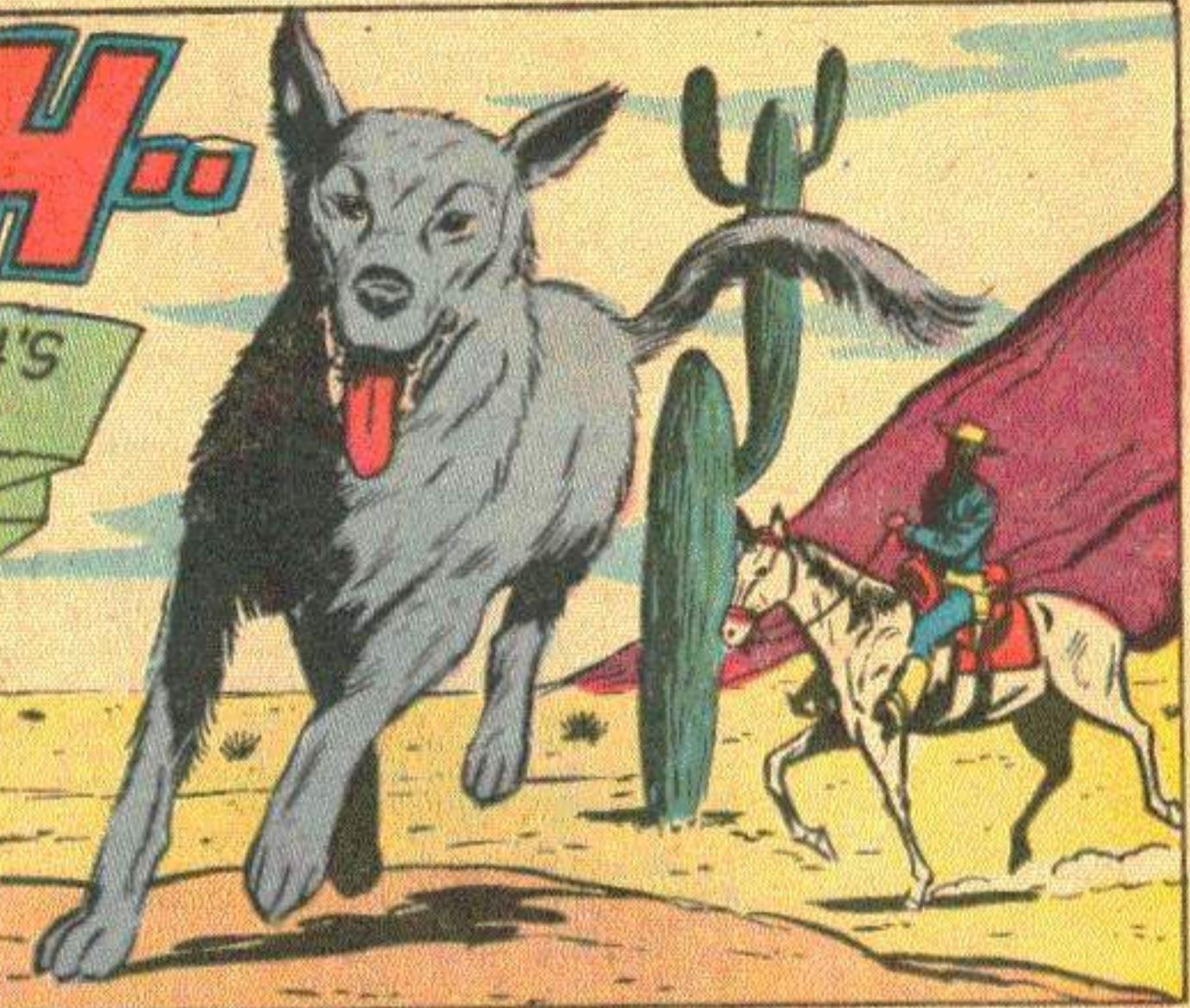
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# FLASH...

The HOODED HORSEMAN'S  
MIRACLE DOG



GARDEN GIFT THEY

YOU'RE FLASH---A DOG---THE HOODED HORSEMAN'S FIGHTING SIDE-KICK! UNTIL NOW, YOU'VE SHARED HIS EVERY PERILOUS ADVENTURE! BUT NOW YOU'RE BEING LEFT BEHIND, AND YOU TRY TO UNDERSTAND WHY!

NOT THIS TIME, PARDNER! YOU WERE HURT IN OUR LAST RUCKUS, AN' YORE WOUNDS AREN'T HEALED YET! SO I'M A-LEAVIN' YUH WITH POP BAKER, HERE!

ANYWAY, IT'S GONNA BE AN EASY JOB! A COUPLE OF BAD ACTORS WHO DRY-GULCHED AN OLD PROSPECTOR FOR HIS DUST---I'LL HAVE 'EM ROUNDED UP BY NIGHTFALL!



BUT YOU UNDERSTAND ONLY THAT HE'S GOING TO FACE DANGER ALONE! BY NIGHTFALL, YOUR PENT-UP RESTLESSNESS IS TOO MUCH TO CONTROL...

EASY, BOY!

DON'T TRY TUH TEAR THE DOOR DOWN! I TELL YUH THE HORSEMAN'S ALL RIGHT!



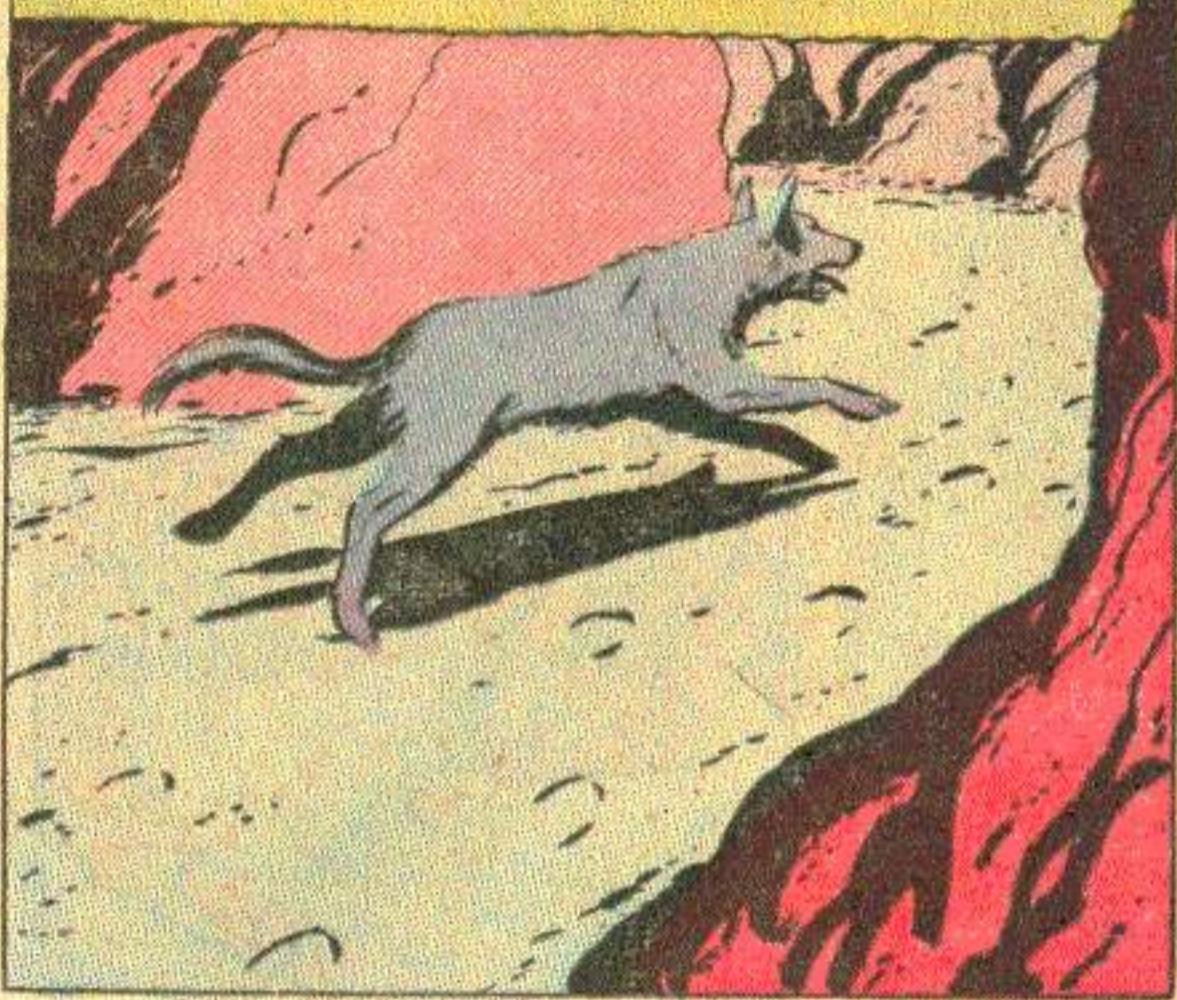
NIGHT COMES, AND WITH IT THE SUDDEN PREMONITION OF DISASTER! YOUR SIXTH SENSE WARNS YOU THE HORSEMAN'S IN TROUBLE! YOU'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM!

HEY! COME BACK HERE, YUH CONSARNED LOCO CRITTER!

CRASH!



YOUR KEEN SENSES PICK UP THE HORSEMAN'S TRAIL AT ONCE! ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, YOU FOLLOW THE SCENT! MORNING FINDS YOU DEEP IN THE BADLANDS...



DANGER HAUNTS EVERY MILE OF THE TRAIL! YOU PASS A HERD OF JAVELINAS...THE MURDEROUS WILD PIGS OF THE SOUTHWEST...



WISE IN THE LORE OF THE WILD, YOU KNOW THOSE TUSKED DEVILS ARE BORN KILLERS--SO YOU GIVE THEM THE SLIP!



IT'S SOON AFTERWARD THAT YOU HIT THE TRAIL'S END! YOU SPOT THE HORSEMAN--AND YOUR WORST FEARS ARE REALIZED! HE'S BOUND--A PRISONER!

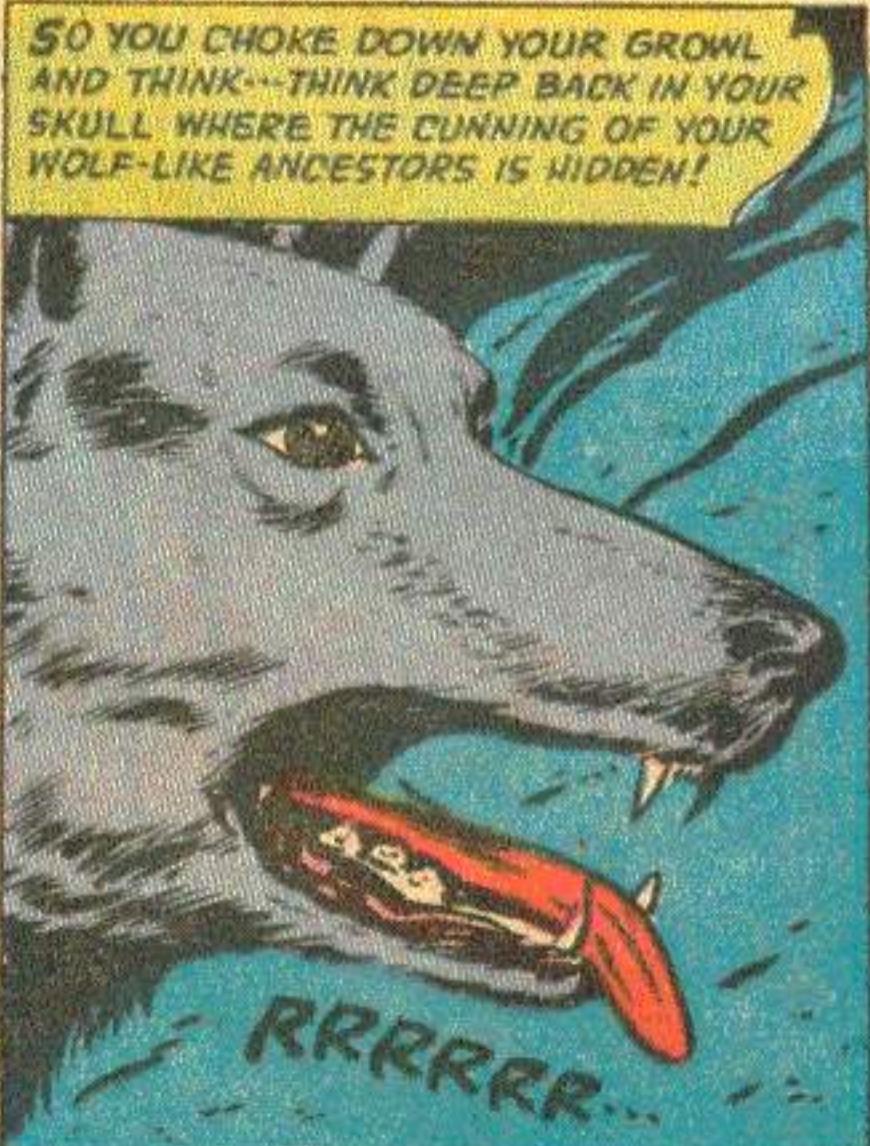
WE KNEW YO'D BE A-COMIN' AFTER US FER ROBBIN' THAT OLD SOURDOUGH--SO WE SET A TRAP FER YUH! AN' YUH'RE NOT GETTIN' OUT OF IT ALIVE, HORSE-MAN!



YOUR BLOOD SEETHES WITH A TERRIBLE HATRED! YET YOU'VE LEARNED ENOUGH OF MAN'S WAYS TO KNOW THAT YOU CANNOT ATTACK--OR THOSE GUNS WOULD CUT YOU DOWN!



SO YOU CHOKED DOWN YOUR GROWL AND THINK--THINK DEEP BACK IN YOUR SKULL WHERE THE CUNNING OF YOUR WOLF-LIKE ANCESTORS IS HIDDEN!



THEN SOMETHING STIRS IN YOUR MEMORY! THE JAVELINAS! ONCE YOU HAD SEEN THOSE TUSKED KILLERS TACKLE A GRIZZLY--AND TREE HIM!



NOW THERE'S ENOUGH SAVVY IN YOUR CANINE HEAD TO FIGURE THAT THOSE WILD PIGS MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU! YOU RACE BACK UP THE TRAIL, A HALF-FORMED PLAN IN YOUR BRAIN...



YOU FIND THE JAVELINAS AND DARE THEM TO CHARGE YOU... KNOWING THAT WHEN ENRAGED ENOUGH, THEY'LL FOLLOW YOU FOR MILES!



THEN YOU STAY JUST AHEAD OF THEIR SLASHING TUSKS AS YOU LURE THEM DOWN THE TRAIL...



WITH THOSE GRUNTING DEVILS CHASING YOU, YOU HEAD FOR THE HORSEMAN AND HIS CAPTORS!

JAVELINAS! THEY'RE AFTER THAT DOG!

MAKE FOR COVER! WE'RE GONERS IF THEY GET US!



ONE SET OF ENEMIES IS GONE, BUT ANOTHER IS THUNDERING DOWN ON THE HELPLESS HORSEMAN! ONCE MORE THE CHIPS ARE DOWN! ONCE MORE YOU LAY YOUR LIFE ON THE LINE AS YOU FACE THOSE SLASHING TUSKS!

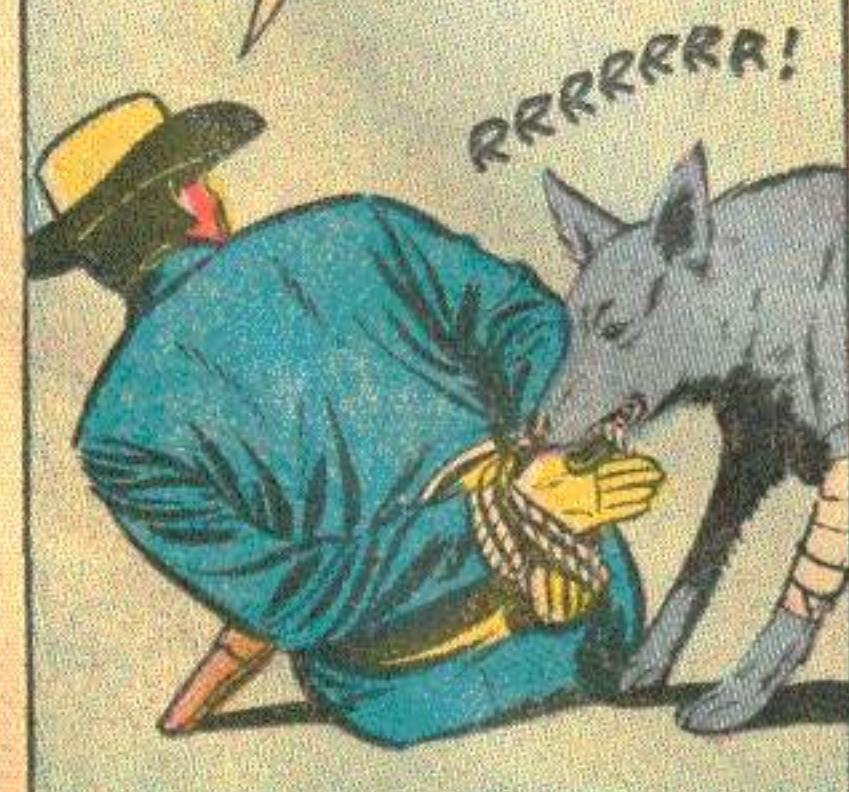


IT LOOKS LIKE ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE YOU AND THE HORSEMAN---BUT THEN THAT MIRACLE HAPPENS! THE JAVELINAS SPOT EASIER PREY!



YOUR GAMBLE HAS WON, BUT YOU'VE STILL SOME FAST WORK TO DO---

QUICK, FLASH-BOY! SINK YOUR TEETH INTO THESE ROPES!



NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PICK UP THE RIFLES THOSE HOMBRES DROPPED, AND THEN WAIT UNTIL THE PORKERS GET TIRED OF TRYIN' TO CHAW DOWN THAT TREE!



AND THEN, YOUR MIGHTY HEART POUNDING WITH PRIDE, YOU TROT ALONG BESIDE THE HORSEMAN AS HE HERDS HIS PRISONERS BACK TO TOWN. ONCE AGAIN YOU'VE FACED DANGER AT THE HOODED HORSEMAN'S SIDE---AND ONCE AGAIN YOU'VE SEEN IT THROUGH... TOGETHER!



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# ROUNDUP TIME

GREETINGS, pardners! Sashay in, unhitch yore gun belts, put yore feet on the table and let's celebrate! The reason? Do we need a reason when all you readers, all you loyal fans of "*The Hooded Horseman*" come calling? No sir! Just settle back, and let's have a good old-fashioned talk fest! And since we editors are hosts, mind if we pick a subject for discussion? Here it is—two letters which we received relative to this great magazine of yours and ours. Here they are—and we'll save our comment on them until you've had time to digest them thoroughly.

"Dear Editor:—

Love that '*Hooded Horseman*'! It's the best western I've ever read, bar none. Great stories and drawings both—and the characters are truly wonderful. I like the line you gave the '*Hooded Horseman*'—he's the first guy with a mask that seems *human*! And a separate story for Flash, his dog, is fine by me. '*Johnny Injun*' is a good piece straight out of history, and I go for its Indian lore. And that '*Cowboy Sahib*' shows smart thinking by the editors, I'd say—it's the most *different* western I've ever read! Congratulations—and keep up the good work!

—Henry R. Babboni, Chicago, Ill."

"Dear Editor:—

I've just read my first issue of '*The Hooded Horseman*'. I find your mag interesting enough, but I've got a beef. What ever has happened to the good, old-fashioned western? They used to have heroes who could whip their weight in wildcats and shoot out a gnat's eye a mile away. Your characters just don't seem that way at all. And I like my stuff out west, where it belongs. Why ring in India—like you do in '*Cowboy Sahib*'?

—Marvin Beall, New York, N. Y."

All set? Okay! Well, getting a letter like that first one sure does things for your Editors—because here's a guy who understands what we're trying to do. We're striving for *human* characters—for the type of heroes that, under certain circumstances, could be you, me or the guy next door—people who live and breathe, that we can latch onto.

That's what makes the *Hooded Horseman* himself not just another unbelievable waddy in a mask. As for *Flash*—well, it seems a durned interesting thing to be able to see the world through the eyes of this loyal, fighting dog, and learn what makes him tick. Proceeding further, there's nothing quite so fascinating as authentic Indian lore—and it's a great thing to be able to present it in as interesting a story framework as "*Johnny Injun*" possesses. As for "*Cowboy Sahib*", blessings on reader Babboni, who saw right to the heart of the problem, and realized that what we were trying to introduce into the familiar western setting was a brand-new and challenging locale which would truly intrigue the reading public.

And now for reader Beall, whose criticisms, being sincere, are thoroughly welcome. If "good, old-fashioned western" means an accent on wooden and artificial heroes, that's not what we're after here. Yes, we want *real* fighting men, men who can give a good account of themselves against odds—but we've observed that the public is getting pretty tired of fairytales. Go back over the western heroes who actually *lived*—men like Buffalo Bill, Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp. Nobody would ever doubt *their* prowess—but we've got our serious doubts about any one of them shooting out a gnat's eye a mile away, or single-handedly and in one engagement polishing off 516 Indians plus 477 badmen.

And so we'll continue to be responsive to our readers' intelligence. Our heroes will be he-men, waddies who can give a good account of themselves under any circumstances—not incredible stuffed dummies. We'll put them into stories that have the breath of life and high adventure about them—stories which we're convinced you'll like. But our success, in the final analysis, must always rest upon *your* reactions! So write and tell us how you like what we're doing, please! Address your letters to The Editor, "*Hooded Horseman*", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

**I**N THE TEEMING SUB-CONTINENT OF INDIA, PLAGUED BY WILD BEASTS AND JUNGLE DISEASE, HAUNTED BY AGE-OLD FEAR AND SUPERSTITIONS, LAND OF UNTOLD WEALTH AND DARK MYSTERIES, THE NAME OF COWBOY SAHIB HAS BECOME A LEGEND TO RIVAL THE ANCIENT SAGAS! HOW AN AMERICAN BOMBER PILOT WON A REMOTE EMPIRE FROM A CRUEL SULTAN IN A GRIM POKER GAME HAS LONG SINCE BECOME HISTORY -- BUT THE ENDLESS STRUGGLE GOES ON! HERE, READER, IS ONE OF COWBOY SAHIB'S GREATEST ADVENTURES!

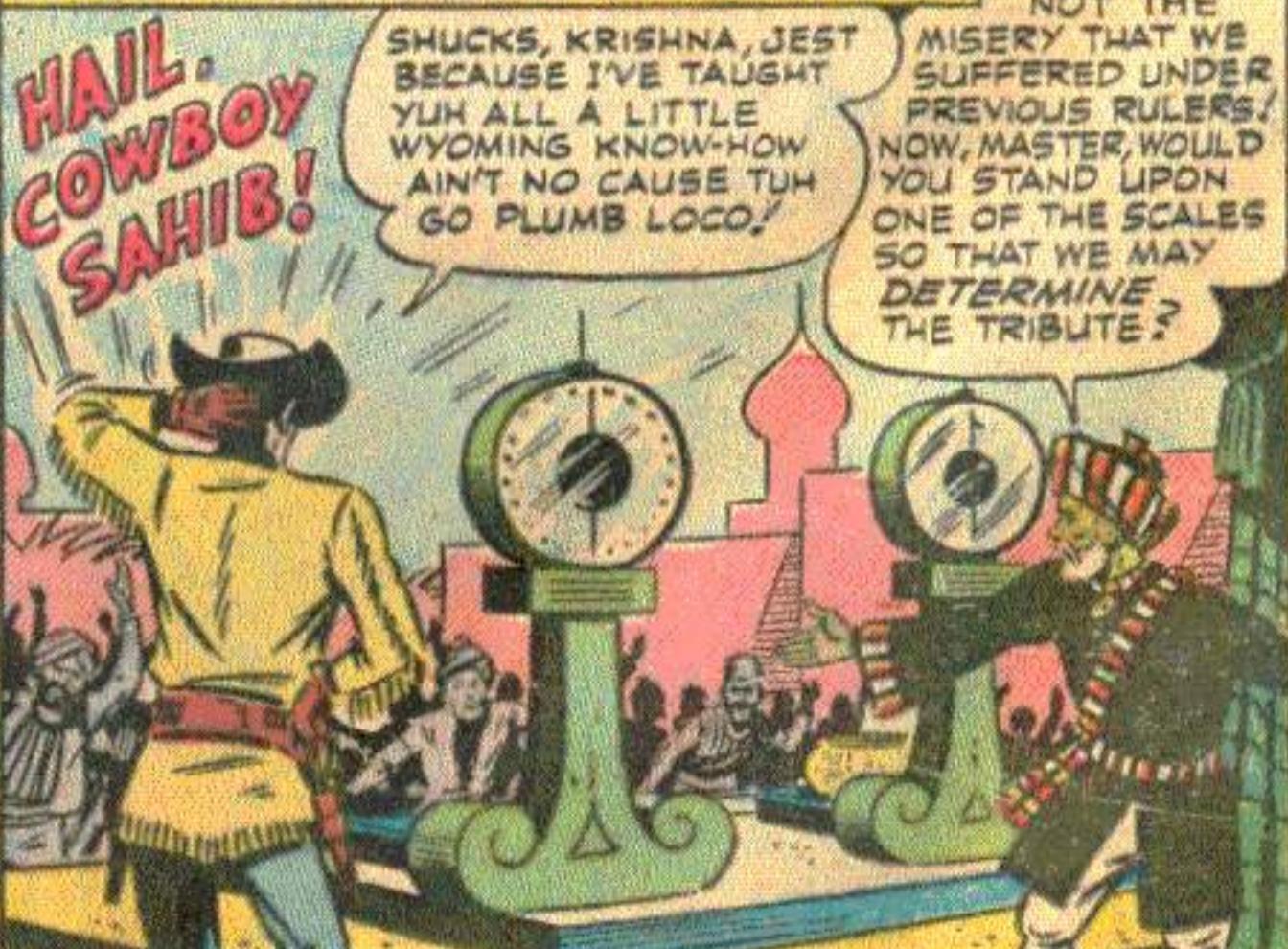


JARIJUNA, AN EMPIRE ON THE REMOTE NORTHERN BORDERS OF INDIA -- THE COURT OF JOE KING --

OUR PEOPLE REJOICE IN YOUR RULE, COWBOY SAHIB! YOUR IMPROVEMENTS IN OUR ANCIENT AGRICULTURAL METHODS HAVE BANISHED HUNGER FROM OUR LAND! EXACTLY ONE YEAR HAS PASSED SINCE THE THRONE BECAME YOURS, AND THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE PEOPLE TO PAY TRIBUTE.

TRIBUTE?  
I DON'T SAVVY WHAT YUH MEAN,  
KRISHNA!

KRISHNA, THE MINISTER OF STATE, LED COWBOY JOE KING OUTSIDE, WHERE AN IMMENSE THRONG CHEERED WILDLY --



JOE KING HAD LEARNED MUCH OF BAFFLING INDIAN CUSTOMS, BUT THIS WAS SOMETHING NEW--

HEAR, O PEOPLE OF LARIJUNA! COWBOY SAHIB'S WEIGHT IS 174 POUNDS PLUS 1 1/2 OUNCES!

SIMMERIN' SAGEBRUSH! ALL THIS SETTIN' AROUND LATELY'S BEEN PUTTIN' LAZY, FAT ON ME!

NEXT MOMENT, THE LOYAL SUBJECTS BEGAN EMPTYING BAGS OF JEWELS ON THE OTHER SCALE! DIAMONDS, EMERALDS, RUBIES AND PEARLS!

HOPPIN' HORNED TOADS, KRISHNA! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

IT IS OUR AGE-OLD CUSTOM OF PAYING TAXES, GREAT ONE-- TO MATCH THE WEIGHT OF OUR RULER ONCE A YEAR!

COWBOY JOE PROTESTED, BUT--

YOU MUST ACCEPT, MASTER-- IT IS THE WILL OF OUR GRATEFUL PEOPLE!

WAL, SEEIN' AS HOW YUH FEEL-- BUT I'LL USE IT TUH IMPORT GOOD TEXAS LONGHORNS AN' GRAINS TUH IMPROVE THE NATIVE BREED HERE. TELL THE PEOPLE MUH DECISION.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, COWBOY SAHIB CALLED UPON THE ROYAL JEWELER TO PICK UP AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE MYSTIC RING OF EMPIRE WHICH HE ALWAYS WORE ---

IS THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO THAT THE REAL ONE HAS THIS TINY INDIAN INSCRIPTION ON THE UNDERSIDE?

YES, I HAVE DONE AS YOU COMMANDED, GREAT ONE--- AND THIS SECRET WILL NEVER PASS MY LIPS!

WITH THE FALSE RING IN HIS POCKET, JOE KING FELT SAFER! FOR A SERIES OF DESPERATE MEN HAD TRIED TO WREST THE TRUE ONE FROM HIM, AND WITH IT THE RIGHT TO RULE LARIJUNA! WEEKS PASSED AND ALL WENT WELL, AND THEN ONE DAY, A DIRE TALE OF A STRANGE DISEASE WHICH WAS RAVAGING THE HERDS AT THE NORTHERN BOUNDARIES OF LARIJUNA ---

NOT ONLY THE CATTLE SICKEN AND DIE, COWBOY SAHIB, BUT SHEEP AND WILD MOUNTAIN GOATS FALL TOO!

I RECKON THIS CALLS FOR A PUSSONAL LOOK-SEE! I'LL SADDLE MUH HORSE RAJAH AN' GIT GOIN'!

SOON AFTERWARDS---

SHUCKS, FELLERS, I DON'T NEED A BODYGUARD FOR THIS JOB!

THE NORTHERN BOUNDARIES OF LARIJUNA ARE VAGUE, MASTER! IT IS BORDERED THERE BY SANKARA, A GREAT EMPIRE CLOSED TO OUTSIDERS! THEY ARE WILD AND SAVAGE PEOPLE-- MUCH TO BE FEARED!

UP AND UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS THEY WENT, INTO EVEN WILDER AND MORE INACCESSIBLE COUNTRY, UNTIL A DEAD STEER WAS SIGHTED! COWBOY SAHIB'S SUNBURNED FACE PALED AND HIS LIPS WERE SET TIGHT ---

THERE'S NO MISTAKIN' THE SIGNS! THIS CRITTUR DIED OF THE HOOF AND MOUTH DISEASE! WE DON'T HAVE A MINUTE TUH SPARE---WE'VE GOT TUH SHOOT EVERY COW AN' STEER IN SIGHT AN' BURY 'EM UNDER A COAT OF LYE!

SLAUGHTERING THESE CREATURES IS A DISASTER FOR THEIR OWNERS, MASTER!

I'LL REPLACE 'EM OUTA THE TAXES! BEIDES, WE GOT NO CHOICE! C'MON, MEN! LET'S RIDE!

SOON AFTERWARDS, A LARGE HERD OF CATTLE WAS SPOTTED IN THE FAR DISTANCE ---

MASTER, WAIT! THAT IS SANKARA TERRITORY! WE DARE NOT ENTER THEIR COUNTRY WITHOUT PERMISSION!

THIS AIN'T NO TIME FOR ETIQUETTE -- WE GOTTA USE FAST ACTION! FOLLER ME!

WHEN THE SANKARA HERD WAS FOUND TO BE INFESTED, JOE KING'S ORDERS WERE RUTHLESS ---

THE SANKARANS ARE FIERCE, COWBOY SAHIB! THEY WILL SURELY AVENGE THIS DEED! I'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY! BE SURE TUH BURY THE CRITTURS DEEP--MEANWHILE, I'LL RIDE OFF TUH POWWOW WITH THE LOCAL CHIEFS! THIS CALLS FOR COMBINED ACTION!

BAM!

BAM! BAM!

HE RODE OFF TO THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE AND THE PITIFUL LOWING OF DYING CATTLE! MINUTES LATER, HE HEARD ANOTHER FLURRY OF SHOTS FROM BEHIND---AS IF A PITCHED BATTLE WAS BEING FOUGHT!

MEBBE I MADE A MISTAKE LEAVIN' THE ROYAL GUARD! CAINT TELL--THESE SANKARANS MIGHT BE RIGHT ONFRIENDLY!

THE AIR WAS STILL AS THE MIGHTY STALLION RAJAH FINALLY REACHED THE SPOT! THEN---

D-DEAD!  
ALL MUH  
MEN ---  
DRYGULCHED!

WITHOUT WARNING---

QUICK,  
OVERPOWER  
HIM!

WHAT TH'...?

C'MON,  
YUH LOWDOWN  
COYOTES!

PIN  
HIS ARMS,  
FOOLS!

POW!

UGH!

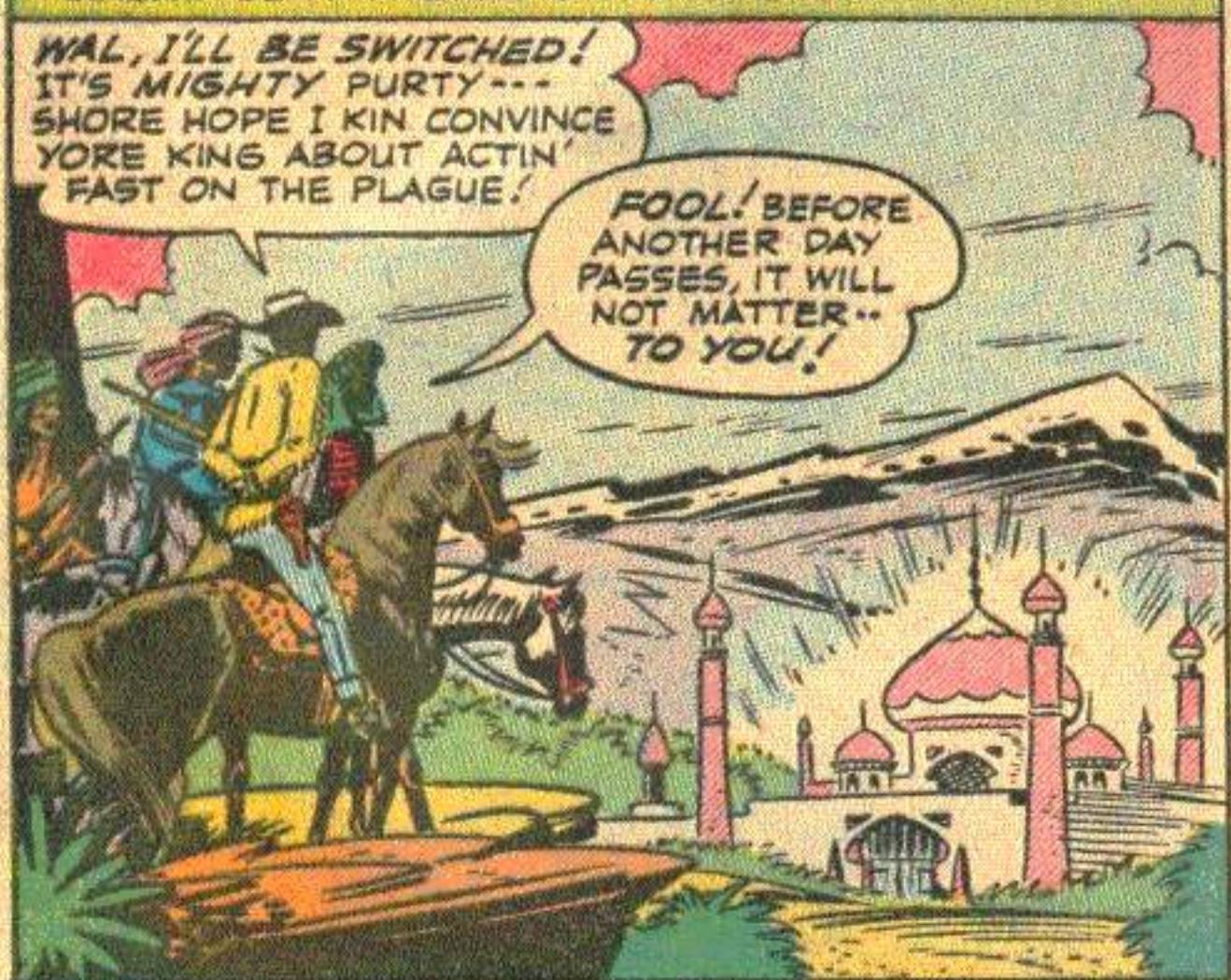
NEVER ABLE TO PULL HIS GUNS, HIS FISTS  
WERE A DEADLY DUO UNTIL SHEER NUMBERS  
OVERWHELMED HIM! THEN ---



AFTER A HARD TWO-DAY RIDE, AN UNBELIEVABLY MAGNIFICENT PALACE CAME INTO VIEW ---

WAL, I'LL BE SWITCHED!  
IT'S MIGHTY PURTY ---  
SHORE HOPE I KIN CONVINCE YORE KING ABOUT ACTIN'  
FAST ON THE PLAGUE!

FOOL! BEFORE  
ANOTHER DAY  
PASSES, IT WILL  
NOT MATTER...  
TO YOU!



THROUGH FABULOUSLY BEAUTIFUL GAR-  
DENES AND COURTYARDS HE WAS PUSHED,  
UNTIL FINALLY-- HE CAME BEFORE THE  
THRONE OF THE RULER! THERE ---



QUEEN RANI, ABSOLUTE RULER OF THE FIERCE SANKARANS, SMILED IN CRUEL ANTICIPATION ---

LOOK, MA'AM, SEEIN' AS HOW YUH'RE THE BOSS OF THIS OUTFIT---I HANKER TUH EXPLAIN ABOUT THEM CRITTURS---

SILENCE, FOOL -- BEFORE I ORDER,  
YOU LASHED LIKE A COMMON CRIMINAL!  
FOR TRESPASSING ON MY DOMAIN AND  
DESTROYING ROYAL PROPERTY,  
YOUR PUNISHMENT,  
SHALL BE FITTING!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

# HOW 'MINI-GYM' TURNS DATELESS DOROTHY INTO

# DAZZLING DOTTY!



OKAY, MOM, I'LL BE DOWN TO BREAKFAST IN A SECOND! I JUST WANT TO DO JOE BONOMO'S TRICKY EXERCISE 10 AGAIN. IT'S SUCH FUN! REMEMBER HOW I USED TO HATE EXERCISE?

SO DID I, BUT NOT SINCE YOU GOT MINI-GYM! I'M SO HAPPY OVER THE 5 POUNDS I'VE LOST USING IT ONLY 10 MINUTES A DAY!

TWO MONTHS LATER...

AW, PLEASE, DOROTHY! YOU PROMISED ME A DANCE AN HOUR AGO!

SCRAM, BILL! DAZZLING DOTTY'S MY GIRL TONIGHT!

WHY, BILL! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU AND "WINNIE THE LIVE WIRE"?

BUT BILL, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE KIDNAPPED ME FROM THE DANCE LIKE THIS! WHAT WILL HARRY THINK?

TO HELL WITH HARRY! YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY ME! YOU'LL BE WEARING MY RING AS SOON AS THE STORES OPEN TOMORROW! SO SAY "YES" FAST, DOTTY!

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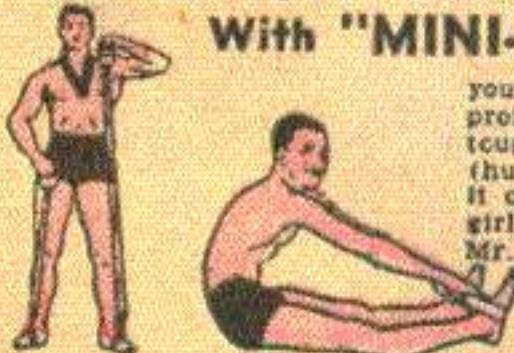
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I HAVE HEARD OF YOUR EXPLOITS EVEN HERE IN MY REMOTE EMPIRE --AND IT IS MY WILL THAT YOU PROVE YOURSELF! REMOVE THE RING HE WEARS, GUARDS, FOR IT ENTITLES ME TO RULE LARIJUNA--THEN TAKE HIM AWAY TO THE DUNGEON, UNTIL HIS EXECUTION IS ARRANGED! IT SHALL PROVIDE US WITH AN INTERESTING SPECTACLE!



DOWN A DARK PASSAGEWAY, WHILE THE SOUND OF MANY VOICES DREW NEAR--- THEN, INTO DAZZLING SUNLIGHT---

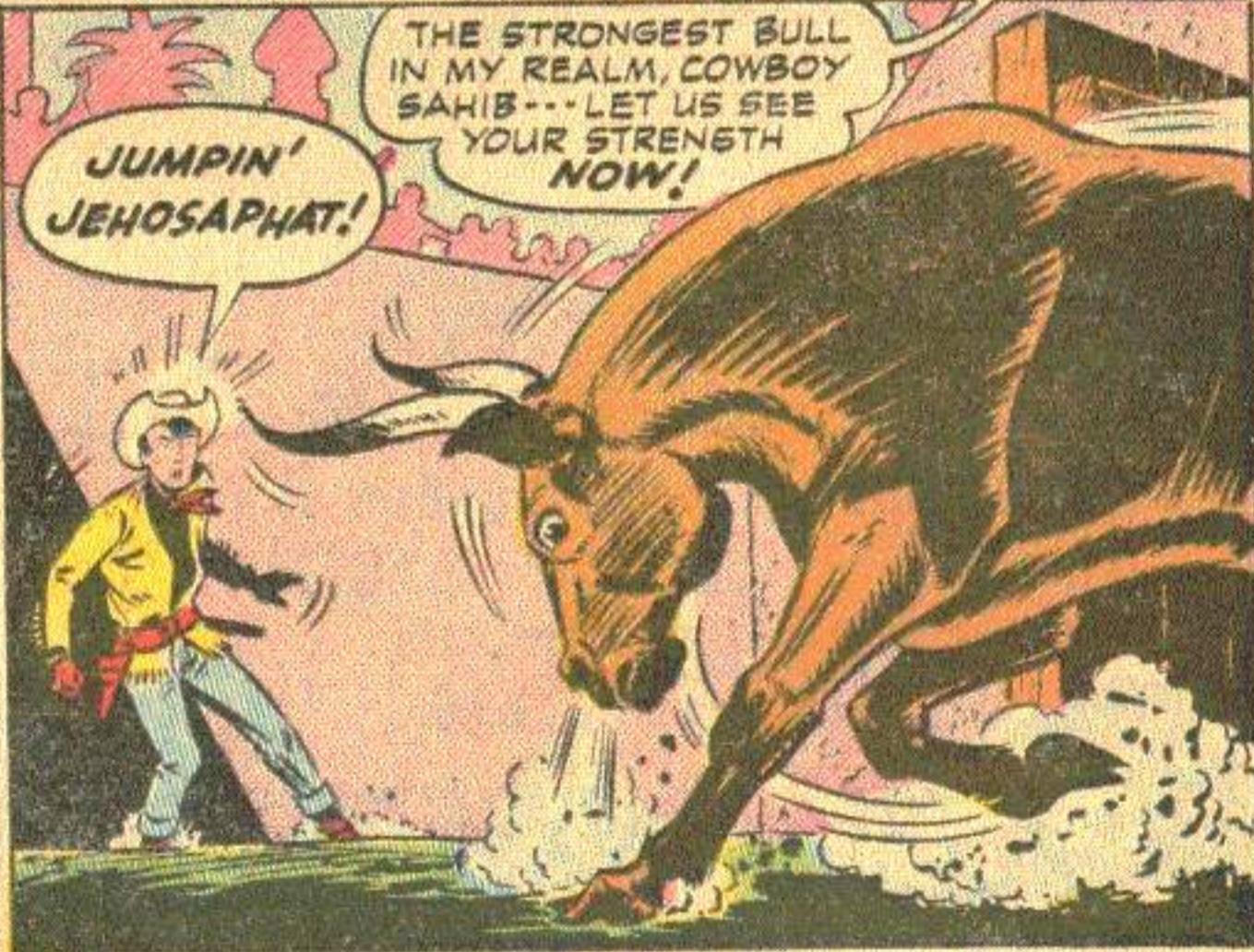


MANY RUMORS HAVE COME TO US CONCERNING YOU, PRISONER--AND I MEAN TO JUDGE FOR MYSELF! PREPARE TO DEFEND YOURSELF!

I'M BETTIN' YUH'RE SET TUH ENJOY THIS!

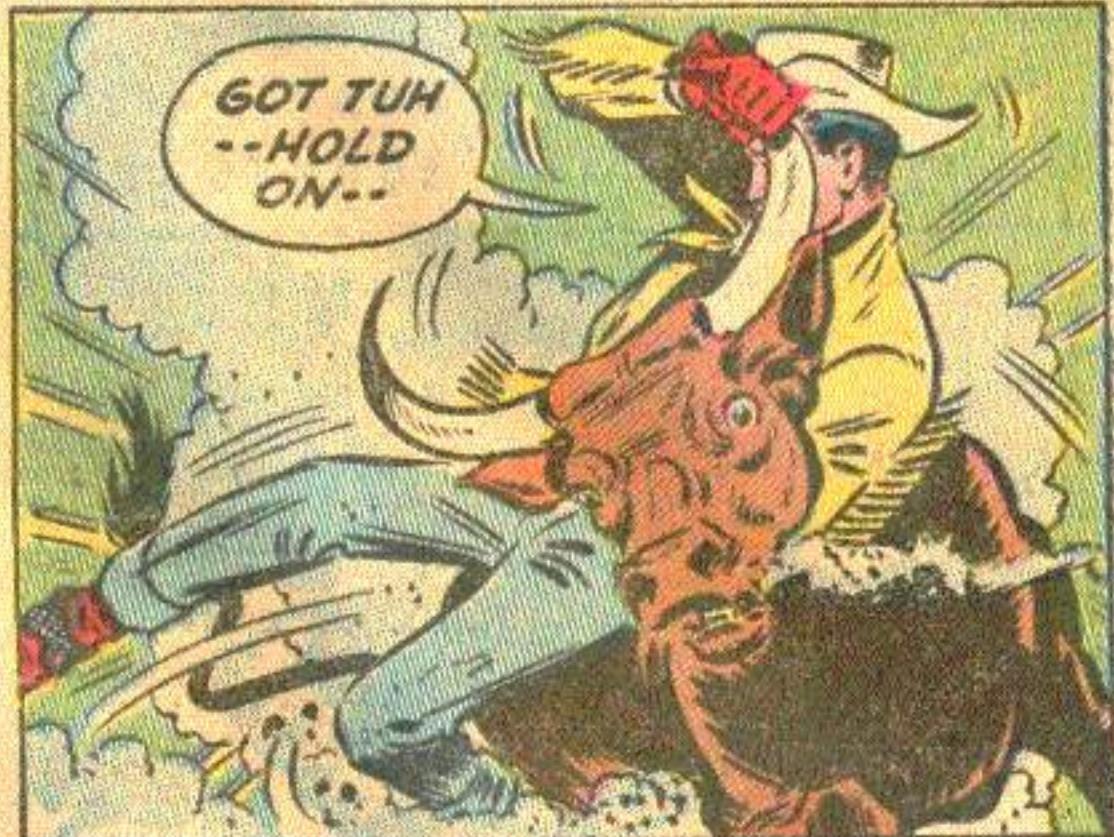


SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A GREAT SHOUT FROM THE EAGER SPECTATORS, AND A GATE OPENED BEHIND HIM! WHIRLING, HE SAW TO HIS HORROR ---



YES, HE'D WRESTLED MANY A STEER IN HIS LIFE ---BUT NEVER ANYTHING LIKE THIS! AS THE MADDENED BULL CHARGED, HE KNEW ONLY THAT IT WAS FIGHT OR DIE! IT WAS THEN THAT RANGE-SHARPENED INSTINCTS TOOK OVER--CAUSING HIM TO LEAP AT THE LAST INSTANT FROM THE MONSTER'S PATH AND SEIZE THE MIGHTY HOOVES---

GOT TUH --HOLD ON--

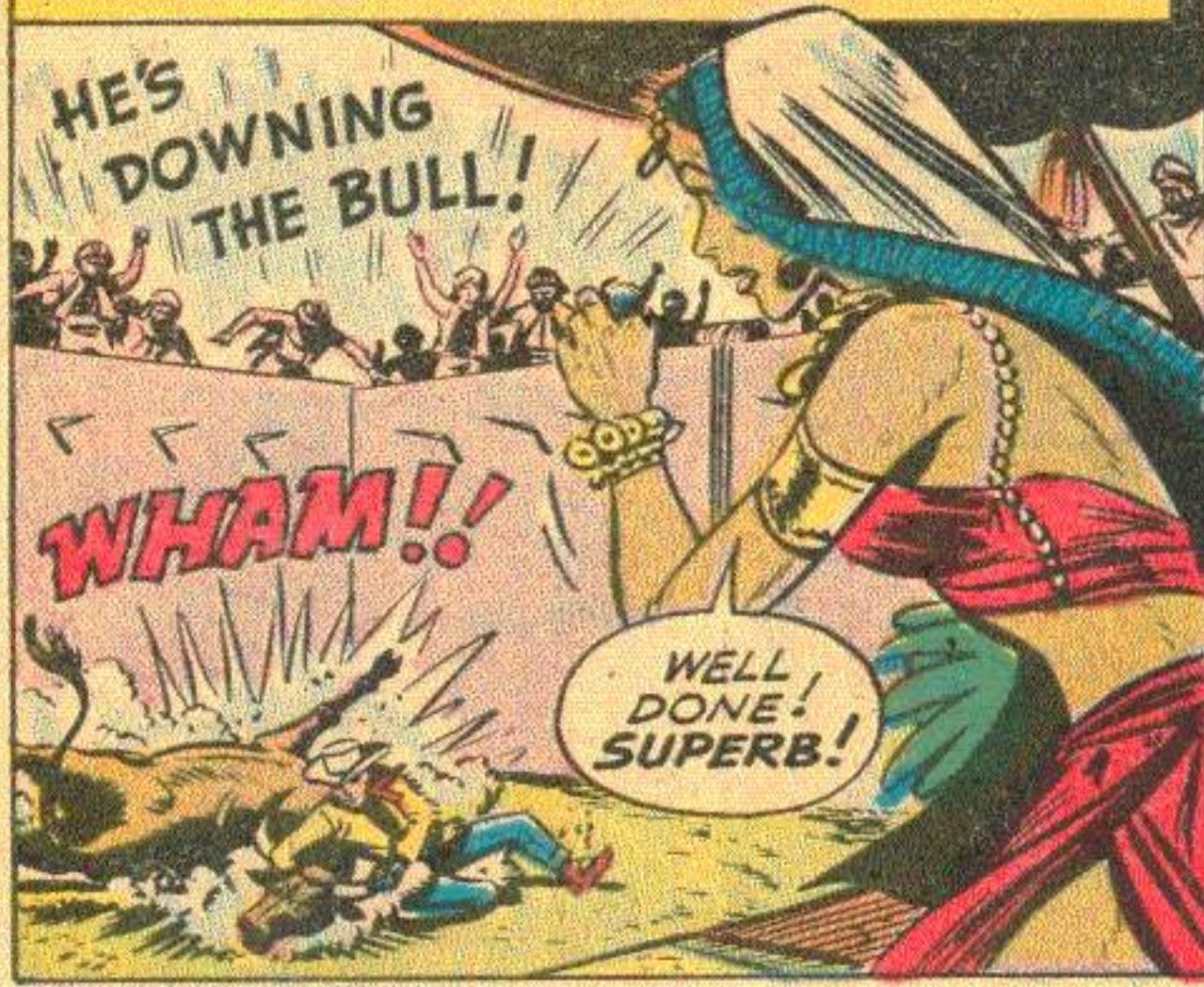


IT WAS AN EPIC STRUGGLE, SUCH AS NEVER WAS SEEN IN ALL THE LONG HISTORY OF INDIA! AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE JUGGERNAUT CHARGED AROUND THE ARENA WITH ITS HUMAN BURDEN, BUT IT COULD NEVER FREE ITSELF FROM THE POWERFUL ARMS WHICH CLUNG TENACIOUSLY TO ITS HORNS! AT LAST, THE VICIOUS BEAST WEAKENED, ITS HEAD TWISTING UNDER THE POWER OF ITS DESPERATE ADVERSARY---

I'M--- GITTIN' THE VARMINT...



HARDER AND HARDER, USING EVERY SINEW AND MUSCLE OF HIS LEAN FRAME, UNTIL ---



GROGGILY, HIS EVERY NERVE FRAYED BY THE FANTASTIC ORDEAL, COWBOY SAHIB GOT TO HIS FEET! BUT THE CRUEL QUEEN'S QUEST FOR EXCITEMENT WAS NOT YET SLAKED ---



THREE BULLETS---TO BRING DOWN THREE 600-POUND TIGERS! BUT COMPARED TO THE PREVIOUS STRUGGLE, THIS WAS CHILD'S PLAY---



THE CROWD WENT WILD, INCLUDING THE SAVAGE RANI HERSELF ---



SOON AFTERWARDS--IN THE ROYAL CHAMBERS ---

I WOULD SPEAK WITH COWBOY SAHIB ALONE! MY TRAINED PANTHERS WILL PROVIDE FOR MY SAFETY SHOULD HE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

YOUR WISH IS OUR COMMAND, GREAT ONE!

AS SOON AS THEY WERE ALONE, RANI'S ATTITUDE CHANGED! SHE SMILED--AND DREW CLOSE, WITH ADMIRATION IN HER EYES!

I'M STILL HANKERIN' TUH PALAVER ABOUT THAT HOOF AND MOUTH DISEASE, MA'AM! YOU PLEASE ME, COWBOY SAHIB---AND I WOULD SPEAK OF OTHER THINGS! LONG HAVE I SOUGHT A HUSBAND WORTHY TO SHARE MY THRONE--AND NOW, I HAVE FOUND HIM!

THANK YUH KINDLY, MA'AM-- BUT I DON'T AIM TUH HITCH UP WITH A GAL THAT JEST TRIED TUH KILL ME!

FOOL, I OFFER YOU A KINGDOM FAR GREAT-ER THAN / LARIJUNA. AND DO NOT FORGET THAT NOW / POSSESS THE RIGHT TO LARIJUNA'S THRONE!





CAREFULLY TAMING THE POWDER INTO SHAPE WITH DAMP EARTH, THE CRUDE EXPLOSIVE WAS SET AT THE HINGE OF THE MASSIVE DOOR! A SMALL POWDER TRAIL ACTED AS A FUSE ---



IN AN INSTANT, HE HAD CHARGED INTO THE SMOKE-FILLED CORRIDOR, BOWLING OVER THE DAZED GUARDS---



ACROSS THE COURTYARD TOWARDS THE ROYAL STABLES HIS SWIFT LEGS CARRIED HIM, WHILE THE STUNNED PALACE GUARDS ROUSED THEMSELVES TO PURSUIT--



BUT COWBOY SAHIB HAD NO INTENTION OF TRYING TO CRASH THE WELL-GUARDED GATES OF RANI'S PALACE! HE KNEW THE PROWESS OF HIS MIGHTY STALLION, AND ---



THE SANKARAN HORSES WERE SWIFT, BUT NO MATCH FOR THE GREAT STEED THEY PURSUED--



BACK IN LARIJUNA, THERE WERE TROUBLES GALORE, THE PEOPLE HAVING BEEN FRANTIC WITH FEAR FOR THEIR MISSING RULER! BUT HE QUICKLY REINSTATED HIMSELF, AND GAVE THE NECESSARY ORDERS FOR DEALING WITH THE HOOF AND MOUTH DISEASE ---

WHAT OF THE INFECTED ANIMALS FROM SANKARA, GREAT ONE? IT WAS THERE THE PLAGUE STARTED!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, KRISHNA-- I GOT A FEELIN' THAT'LL BE TAKEN CARE OF RIGHT QUICK!



THE VERY NEXT DAY, QUEEN RANI CROSSED THE BORDER OF LARIJUNA WITH A LARGE GUARD, BRANDISHING THE RING SHE HAD TAKEN FROM COWBOY SAHIB! THE SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE, THOUGH SICK AT HEART, BOWED DOWN IN FEAR BEFORE THE MYSTIC SYMBOL ---

BEHOLD HOW THEY KNEEL ABJECTLY! WHAT SATISFACTION IT WILL BE TO TAKE OVER THE THRONE OF COWBOY SAHIB!



CONFIDENTLY, SHE RODE THROUGH THE GATES OF LARIJUNA'S CAPITAL, THEN INTO THE THRONE ROOM!

SO YOU DID NOT TRY TO ESCAPE, EH? GOOD! MY REVENGE WILL BE ALL THE SWEETER! SOLDIERS, SEIZE THE IMPOSTOR WHO SITS ON THE THRONE WHICH THIS RING MAKES MINE!

YUH'RE OVERPLAYIN' YORE HAND, GAL-- AN' WALKIN' RIGHT INTO MUH TRAP!



THIS HERE'S THE REAL RING--- WITH THE INSCRIPTION UNDERNEATH TUH PROVE IT! YUH GOT THE COPY! I'M AWFUL RILED UP, MA'AM --AN' YUH'D BETTER START ACTIN' AWFUL AGREEABLE ABOUT LETTIN' MUH MEN TAKE CARE OF THE PLAGUE ON YORE BORDERS! UNDERSTAND?

I--I BEG YOUR MERCY, PLEASE-- PLEASE!



DAYS LATER, WHEN THE NEEDFUL WORK HAD BEEN DONE, COWBOY SAHIB ESCORTED HIS ROYAL PRISONER TO THE BORDER OF THEIR TWO COUNTRIES ---

YUH'VE GIVEN YORE WORD TUH BE A GOOD GIRL FROM NOW ON, RANI--AN' I'M WARNIN' YUH, I'M A MAN WHO RILES EASY! ADIOS, MA'AM!

FAREWELL, COWBOY SAHIB-- TILL WE MEET AGAIN!



AS THE SLIM FIGURE RODE INTO THE DISTANCE, A FIERCE HATRED WELLED UP IN THE SAVAGE QUEEN'S EYES!

HE WAS A FOOL TO LET ME LIVE, FOR I VOW TO HAVE HIS HEAD OR DIE! GATHER ALL MY LOYAL TRIBES TO ME! TELL THEM TO GIRD FOR WAR AGAINST COWBOY SAHIB! RANI, YOUR DIVINE QUEEN, HAS ORDERED IT AWAY, WITH ALL SPEED!



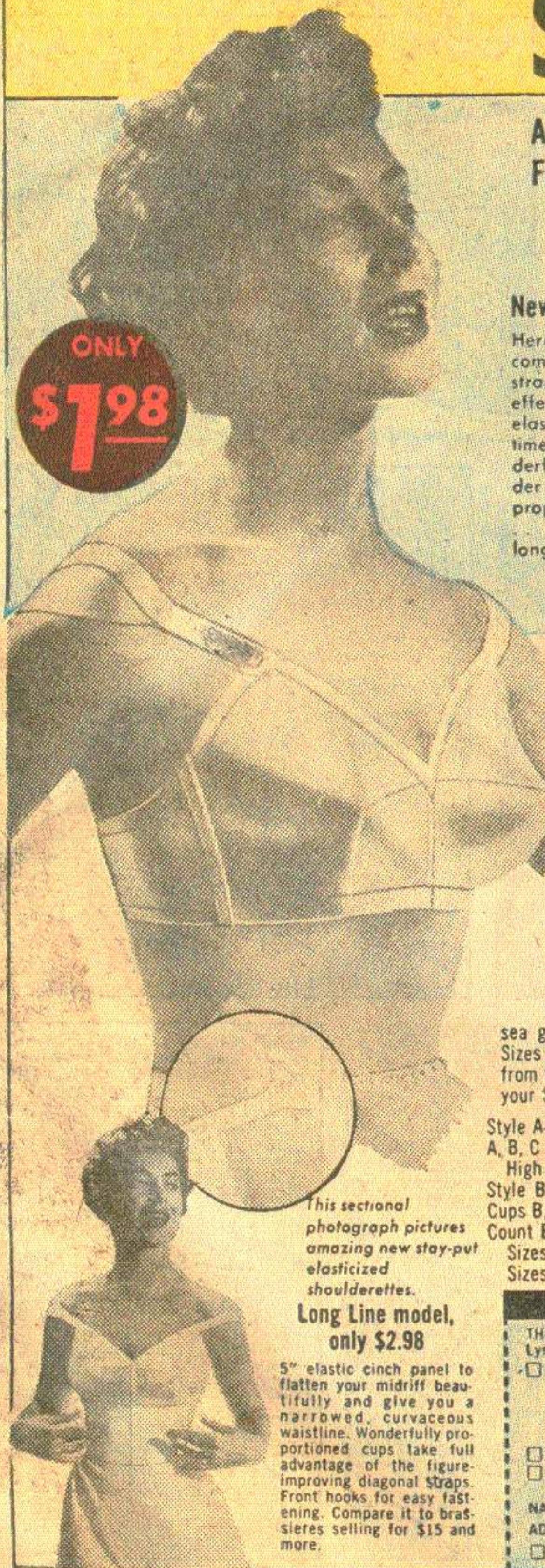
AND BACK IN LARIJUNA--- UNAWARE THAT SANKARAN RIDERS WERE SCOURING THE MOUNTAINS, GATHERING A MIGHTY ARMY WITH WHICH TO OVERWHELM HIM--- COWBOY SAHIB DAYDREAMED--

YUP, RAJAH, SHE WAS A SHE-DEVIL-- BUT MIGHTY PRETTY!



--SO DON'T MISS THE THRILL-A-MINUTE ADVENTURE COMING UP-- IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE COWBOY SAHIB!

# NEW OFF SHOULDER SENSATION STRAP-EZE



ONLY  
**\$1.98**

This sectional photograph pictures amazing new stay-put elasticized shoulderettes.

Long Line model,  
only \$2.98

5" elastic cinch panel to flatten your midriff beautifully and give you a narrowed, curvaceous waistline. Wonderfully proportioned cups take full advantage of the figure-improving diagonal straps. Front hooks for easy fastening. Compare it to brassieres selling for \$15 and more.

Amazing New Construction Gives Beautiful Free Shoulders Without Cutting Straps

Now bare your lovely shoulders yet keep full support and control. Now, can't-slip construction guarantees the elimination of old-design cutting straps.

## New Complete Strap Liberation with STRAP-EZE

Heretofore, the only way to overcome the annoying and uncomfortable shoulder strap "cut" or strain was to switch to a strapless-bra. Now, the problem has been solved, simply and effectively, with off-the-shoulder straps. Ingeniously-designed elastic shoulderettes, scientifically cupped to stay put at all times, take the strain off the shoulders and still provide wonderful support. The thrilling news is that this new kind of shoulder strap actually glorifies the bust. Add to this a perfectly proportioned uplift cup, center darts for positive separation—the result is a truly revolutionary all-purpose brassiere! In long-wearing, high-count broadcloth... meticulously tailored throughout. New York custom stitching. Sizes to fit **EVERYONE**.

### Money Back Guarantee

Order today at these low introductory prices. We make this special offer because we are so sure you will be delighted with your purchase you will become a steady customer. So—rush the coupon today. Your money back if you are not delighted.

STRAP-EZE makes it possible to wear such glamorous styles as this charming dress with comfort and assurance. This dress is our No. 7S452 in tantalizing rayon taffeta, black, navy or sea green. Sizes 9 to 20—\$12.98. Sizes 40 to 48—\$13.98. Order direct from the S. J. Wegman Company with your Strap-Eze bra.

Style A—Bandeau sizes 32 to 44—Cups A, B, C

High test superb Broadcloth \$1.98

Style B—Long-line midriff Controller—Cups B, C, D, and E in Super Wear High Count Broadcloth

Sizes 34 to 42 \_\_\_\_\_ \$2.98

Sizes 44 to 60 \_\_\_\_\_ 3.98



### 10 DAY TRIAL FREE:

THE S. J. WEGMAN CO. DEPT. A-545  
Lynbrook, New York

Rush my new 3-in-1 STRAP-EZE at once. If I am not delighted I may return it after ten days FREE trial for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

Bandeau Bust Size \_\_\_\_\_ Cup Size \_\_\_\_\_  
Long Line Bust Size \_\_\_\_\_ Cup Size \_\_\_\_\_

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

I enclose payment. The S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage. Same money back guarantee.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Please also send me style #7S452. Size \_\_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_\_

**HOW** in 10 Minutes of Fun a Day

**YOU** Can Become  
AN AMAZING NEW

**3-D HE-MAN**

JIM NORMAN  
before

NOW  
1 gained  
1000% in  
HE-MAN LOOKS  
POPULARITY and  
STRENGTH

HE-MAN

Like  
We  
Did

LOOK  
at ME and  
MY PALS!  
What a  
Pitiful lot of  
SKINNY  
WRECKS like YOU  
We were BEFORE  
We mailed coupon!  
Yes, PAL—**NOW**

**YOU** MAIL THE  
COUPON  
BELOW

and Get a NEW  
HE-MAN BODY  
for Your OLD  
SKELETON FRAME!

YOU CAN WIN  
**\$100.00**  
AND A BIG 15"  
TALL SILVER CUP

LIKE WE  
DID!

NO! Friend  
you don't  
have to be SKINNY,  
WEAK or FLABBY any  
more—just mail the  
FREE coupon below as I  
did! But DO IT NOW—  
This may be YOUR LAST  
CHANCE!

Now,  
Buddy  
YOU

GET ALL THESE  
PICTURE  
PACKED  
COURSES

**FREE** If you  
mail  
coupon NOW  
as I did!

1

Look at  
CLEVELAND'S  
HEROIC  
CHEST NOW!

May be  
LAST CHANCE  
before \$1  
price goes  
back!

Cleveland  
BEFORE

NOW →

HOW TO MOLD A  
**MIGHTY CHEST**

2

This is  
one-time  
**SKINNY**  
Ken  
GRIMM  
AFTER  
mailing  
the  
coupon  
below

I gained  
**70 lbs. of  
MIGHTY MUSCLE**

Won a BIG SILVER TROPHY  
and made the football team.  
I was a 90 lb. Skeleton before,  
says Cleveland.

I changed myself from  
← this ANEMIC SHRIMP →  
to this MUSCULAR HE-MAN

I added 6 inches  
to each ARM  
10 inches to my CHEST  
says Ken Grimm.

I GAINED  
53 lbs.  
OF SHAPELY  
POWER-  
PACKED  
MUSCLES

I Was a  
Skinny,  
Scared,  
Girl-Shy  
Skeleton.  
Now My  
Body is  
the Best  
in the  
Neighbor-  
hood. Pal  
—Do as I  
Did—Mail  
The Coupon  
Below.

AFTER  
R. HIRSCH  
BEFORE

HOW TO MOLD A  
**MIGHTY ARM**

3

MIGHTY  
BACK  
NOW

HOW TO MOLD A  
**MIGHTY BACK**

4

HOW TO MOLD  
**MIGHTY LEGS**

5

HOW TO MOLD A  
**MIGHTY GRIP**

R. GEORGE F. JOWETT

NOW—YOU MAIL  
COUPON and GET  
ALL 5 COURSES

**FREE**

Millions were  
sold at \$1.

PLUS BIG

PHOTO BOOK

of

STRONG MEN

which also tells

how to

WIN TROPHY

and \$100!

LAST CHANCE—ALL FREE COUPON

1 FIVE COURSES      2 MUSCLE METER  
3 Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. AM-51

Tell Me How To  
WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses  
presented in  
World for  
Building  
All-Around  
HE-MEN!"  
R. F. Kelley  
Physical  
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume. "How to become a MIGHTY HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D. 'll)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR **FREE** OFFER AND PRIZES!

HELLO, BOB - HAVE YOU FOUND  
THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

# GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS!  
LADIES!  
MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH! OR PREMIUMS!

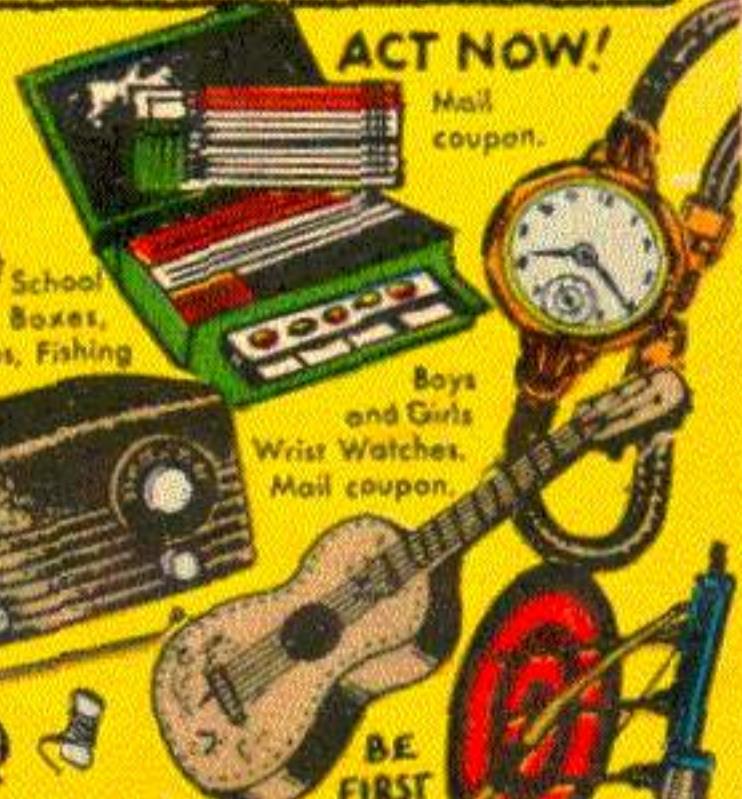
LOOK! LIVE PONY!

Yessiree, a real, live Pony  
for your very own. Just send  
for BIG catalog for premium  
plan. MAIL COUPON  
TO START.



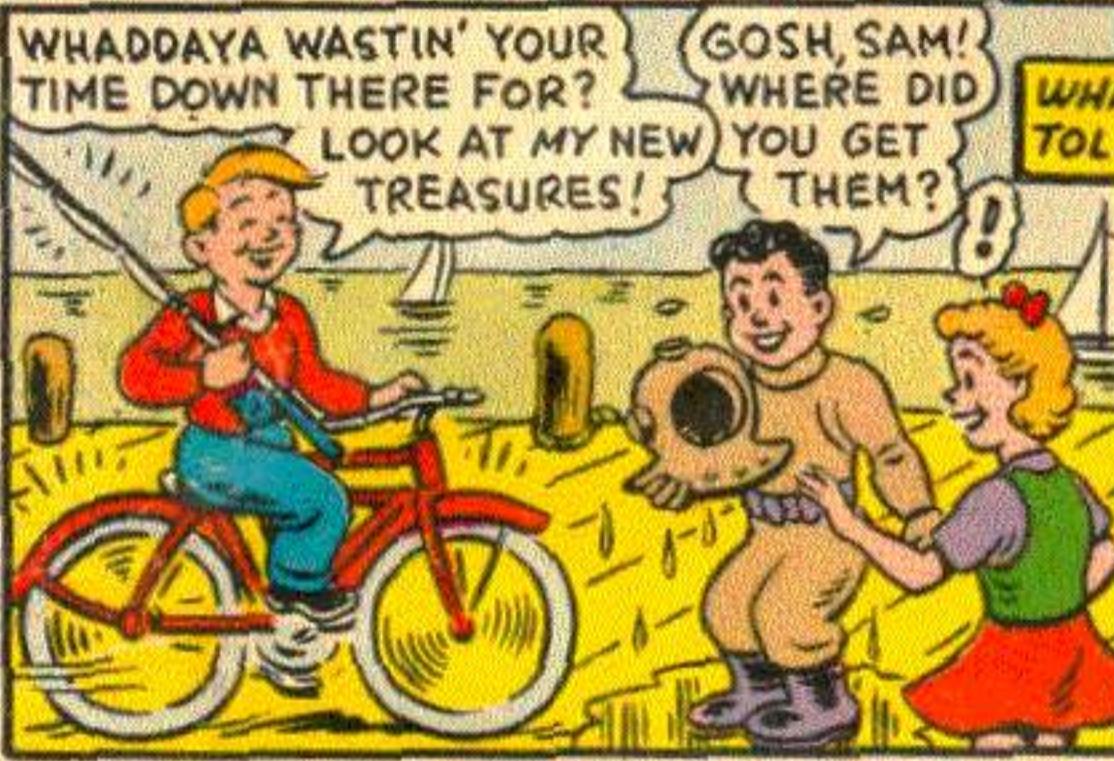
ACT NOW!

Mail  
coupon.



HECK NO!  
THERE'S NO  
TREASURE  
DOWN HERE!

WHAT SAM  
TOLD THEM



BOY! ALL THOSE SWELL  
PREMIUMS AS  
EASY AS THAT!  
HURRY!  
LET'S SEND IN  
OUR COUPONS  
RIGHT AWAY!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
KIDS! IT'S AS  
EASY AS FALL-  
ING OFF A  
LOG!



- AND WITH EACH BOX OF THIS  
WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE,  
WE GIVE YOU A  
BEAUTIFUL ART  
PICTURE!



FINE!  
I'LL TAKE  
2 BOXES,  
SAM -

Telescopes.  
Wallets.  
Wagons.  
Mail  
coupon.

ACT  
NOW



MAIL  
COUPON  
NOW!

YOU GET  
BIG CATALOG

Candid Cameras with carrying  
case, Telescopes, Watches (sent  
ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with  
White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE  
easily sold to friends, neighbors, rel-  
atives at 35c a box (with picture).  
Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Bill-  
folds, Bibles, Blankets, Movie Machines,  
Pen & Pencil Sets, Record Players,

Roller Skates,  
Telescopes,  
OUR  
59<sup>th</sup> YEAR!

Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping



MAIL  
NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pic-  
tures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to  
sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked  
within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Com-  
mission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent  
with order, postage paid to start.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ST. \_\_\_\_\_ R. D. \_\_\_\_\_ BOX \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

PRINT LAST NAME HERE \_\_\_\_\_

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today



ACT  
NOW!

OUR 59<sup>th</sup> YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL